

# The Listener

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In this number:

The United Nations Assembly and Korea (Rt. Hon. Hector McNeil, M.P.)

General Zahedi's Coup in Persia (Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, M.P.)

The Practice of the Presence of God—I (Canon V. A. Demant)

English Influences on Proust (J. M. Cocking)





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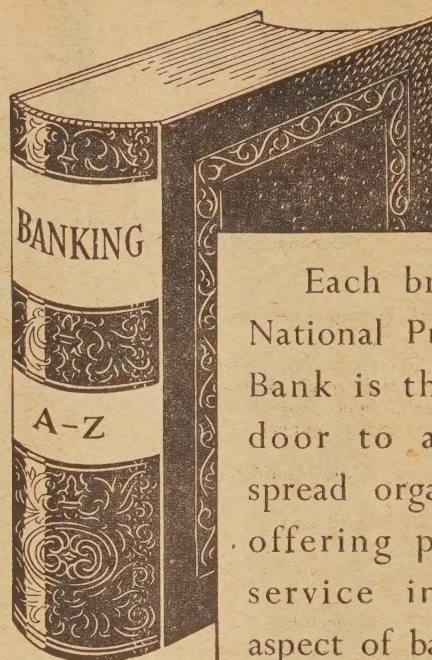


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# The Listener

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## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

- The United Nations Assembly and Korea (Rt. Hon. Hector McNeil, M.P.) ... 323  
General Zahedi's Coup in Persia (Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, M.P.) ... 325  
The New Policy in Eastern Germany (Douglas Stuart) ... 326

### THE LISTENER:

- A Good Place ... 328  
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 328

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

- The Paint Room at Covent Garden (Peter Donne) ... 329  
The Victorian at the Seaside (Alan Walbank) ... 329  
Birds of the New World (James Fisher) ... 330  
How to Make Rose Jam (Noel Chanter) ... 330

### LAW:

- The Litigant and the Law (Claud Mullins) ... 331

### ARCHITECTURE:

- Town Planning in Italy (Max Lock) ... 332  
The Adam Style (John Summerson) ... 335

- POEM: The Junior Class (Patrick Anderson) ... 334

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

- Portraits from Memory—II (Bertrand Russell, O.M.) ... 337

- TOLERATION—V. Conditions of Tolerance (Rabbi Leo Baeck) ... 339

- NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 340

### RELIGION:

- The Practice of the Presence of God—I. (Canon V. A. Demant) 342

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From F. E. Hellier, Harry Edwards, Ian Hamnett, Dr. F. J. E. Raby, M. Oldfield Harvey, Francis Iles, C. E. Earl, Allan M. Laing, J. H. Francis, A. L. Irvine, and T. J. Saunders ... 343

### LITERATURE:

- English Influences on Proust (J. M. Cocking) ... 345  
The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 349  
New Novels (Anthony Rhodes) ... 353

### ART:

- The First Master of British Landscape Painting (E. K. Waterhouse) 348

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ... 354  
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 354  
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... 355  
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ... 356  
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 356

- MUSIC: Italian Instrumental Music (John S. Weissmann) ... 357

- BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 359

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 359

- CROSSWORD No. 1,217 ... 359

## The United Nations Assembly and Korea

By the Rt. Hon. HECTOR McNEIL, M.P.

**M**OST people have become used to disputes and disagreements at the United Nations. That does not surprise them. Indeed, they rather expect it. But the disputes and disagreements to which they have become habituated usually occur between Soviet Russia and the Atlantic democracies, Britain, Canada, France, and the United States. This week\* most people have been puzzled and some startled by seeing develop in the Assembly of the United Nations discussing the Korea truce a disagreement pretty sharp and certainly not unsubstantial, between, on the one hand, the United States, and, on the other, Britain, France, Canada, and the other nations of the Commonwealth.

'Very well', many people are saying, with understandable impatience, 'why does the United Nations not get on with this job, and why on earth are Great Britain and the United States squabbling at this stage when everyone wants peace?' I fear that this understandable over-simplification needs to be qualified. The motivation of this difference between us goes so deep that I fear it is not a misstatement to say that our people, and a substantial proportion of the American people, wanted a different kind of peace. We wanted an end to this shooting. Many Americans, weary of this war, the brunt of which they have carried and in which they sustained 140,000 casualties, wanted, and want, a peace in which the aggressor was broken and defeated. Many of them are suffering from an angry frustration. They feel and maintain that their very real sacrifice has been in vain. One of my liberal-minded American friends, writing to me, says: 'We feel that, after all our efforts and our loyalty to the United Nations, we are being made partners to another Munich after and not before we have fought'.

Mr. David Lawrence, a distinguished American columnist whom

I most certainly would not describe as being particularly pro-British but who is, nevertheless, an informed, influential, and intelligent political writer, said last week: 'Isolationists by the million are being bred as a result of the experience of the United States in the Korea war. Rewards to the aggressor governments whose forces murdered 8,302 American boys [he is talking of the American boys missing in the field but who are not accounted for in the official figure of prisoners] are not going to advance the cause of collective security in America'.

I am not attempting to justify American feeling. Indeed, I am bound to say that in my view, however decent and warm and human and understandable its roots may be, it has been exacerbated and magnified by the flabbiness and timidity of the policy pursued by Mr. Foster Dulles, the American Foreign Secretary, and that, moreover, for Britain now to bow to this impatience would be to the eventual harm of all of us. But, when I say that, I always plead that anyone attempting to understand this tangle this week in the Assembly must appreciate how real and perhaps even how solemn this feeling of frustration presently is in the United States.

Probably Mr. Lester Pearson—Mike Pearson, everyone calls him, Canada's Foreign Secretary and this year's President of the U.N. Assembly—was trying to take account of this when, at the opening of the Assembly last Monday, he quickly moved the Assembly from the formal full dress plenary with which it normally opens into a committee session. Mr. Pearson, I should guess, aware of the tactical struggle which would take place, thought it advantageous to avoid the pompous inflexibility of the plenary session and go straight into committee. Maybe he argued, as I always do, that the committee is nearer the corridor, and it is in the corridor,



in the informal discussions between the delegates, that we must look for a solution within the next seven or fourteen days.

Mike Pearson neatly described the essence of the tactical struggle between the United States and Britain when he declared, before the session opened, that at the Korea conference he wanted, discussion should take place round the table and not across the table. Mr. Cabot Lodge, leading the United States delegation, wants negotiations to take place across the table. Is this just a piece of legal fussing? Not at all: it arises basically from the feeling of frustration and anger of a large section of the American people to which I have already alluded. They wanted to think, and continue to want to think, of the aggressors, labelled aggressors, sitting on the other side of the table suing for any terms of peace that the victor's side of the table will offer. In addition, it would have to be conceded that Mr. Cabot Lodge's position has a certain legal validity. He takes his stand on Article 60 of the truce agreement and plainly Article 60 does talk of both sides. I do not think that the Assembly will agree to be bound by this legal argument, first because it would probably prove unworkable, and second because, as I will try to show later, it does not seem to conform to the facts of the situation.

This strange struggle, between the supporters of the round-table talks and across-the-table talks, has been crystallised in the discussion as to whether Soviet Russia and India should attend the Korea conference and in what capacities they should attend. Let us take Russia first. We, with other nations, have said that Soviet Russia must participate in the Korea conference. The United States has not objected to Russia's participating provided—and this is a substantial reservation—she is invited, not by the United Nations, but by the other side. Why does the United States take this view? Because it wants to establish that Soviet Russia is, by her own tacit admission, an aggressor: she would sit on the other side of the table, in the dock almost, as it were; and, second, they want to limit the powers of the United Nations in relation to the Korea conference as a whole and particularly in relation to the nomination of India as a participating power.

### United States and India

Almost certainly a way round this disagreement about Soviet Russia will be quickly found. India is not so easy. Does the Government of the United States dislike India in this role? It says not. Mr. Cabot Lodge has taken great trouble to say this precisely and emphatically and the State Department has taken the unusual course of trying to display how well it regards India by letting it be known that it will support Mrs. Pandit, that elegant and accomplished woman, the sister of Mr. Nehru, as the next President of the Assembly. But the main reason for opposing India is its anxiety to maintain the authority of the truce agreement and thus to limit the jurisdiction of the Assembly.

There are other reasons for this, too, which should be honestly admitted. Yesterday the Indian delegation tabled a resolution instructing the Assembly to transmit its decisions to the Chinese Government at Peking and to the North Korean Government. On the surface this seems a harmless machinery motion. Yet it might extend the debate very widely. It might lead to a full-scale battle upon Chinese membership and lead on to a discussion on Formosa and the Chinese blockade and to a decision on Korea being unduly postponed. In my view it is unrealistic not to have the Peking Government in from the beginning of the discussions, but many people whose views about the Peking Government are similar to mine hold that because of the necessity for speed in relation to Korea, the Assembly should meantime duck the Chinese issue.

What has been achieved this week and what progress has been made? Less than we hoped and probably more than is apparent. The different positions have been stated and their implications properly appreciated by trained men and women. I have no doubt that by now, in the offices and hotels and official dwellings of the delegations, sheets of paper with draft compromise resolutions

are circulating. The professional bridge-builders are at work.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister of State, appealed for speed. At this distance from New York all guesses are particularly hazardous, but I would not look for quick agreement. The gap between us is so substantial that Mr. Vyshinsky had to make only one speech last week. As usual, I think the United Nations will find some way round, and America this time will have to travel further towards us than she normally has to and, to be fair, than she thinks wise. I would guess, too, that the United Nations majority will assume tighter control over the Korea conference than the truce negotiations visualised and that the eventual settlement will come back to the United Nations at least for approval if not for ratification. Probably this, too, is wise. But it will throw up a problem which has often been in the minds of British delegations—that some United Nations members are more conscious of their rights than of their obligations.

We cannot escape from saying and doing what we believe to be right and wise: but, remembering the immense contribution of the United States, let us all remember that if she seeks to assert her rights as a United Nations member, she accepted abundantly her obligations as a United Nations member.—*Home Service*

LEONARD MIALI, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, described in 'Radio Newsreel' the report by Lewis Douglas, formerly U.S. Ambassador in London, on American foreign trade policy, which has just been published:

'America must begin to remove the impediments to freer trade and currencies as soon as possible, Mr. Douglas says in his report to the President. He notes that for thirty years the barriers that America has erected against imports have worked against international economic health. "Long ago we became the world's greatest creditor", he writes, "we can no longer pursue the protectionist policies of a debtor nation and hope to escape from government intervention, restrictionism, state planning, and discrimination against American products in the international markets". Mr. Douglas notes that under the best circumstances it would take time to pass laws to establish a freer American trade policy. But he says it would be unfortunate for the United States if because of delay on her part the progress towards economic liberty that has been made so far should be arrested, the enthusiasm should cool off and the impetus towards freedom should falter. He therefore urges the Administration to make a prompt announcement that it is determined to work toward a progressive, vigorous, and consistent relaxation of America's restrictive foreign trade legislation.

'President Eisenhower, in a letter commenting on the report, says: "It has a vein of candour both with respect to the United Kingdom's position and our own which is, I think, refreshing and very useful". But President Eisenhower has not committed himself further, and has turned the report over to the new government commission studying American foreign economic policy. In his report, Mr. Douglas deals sympathetically and at length with the progress which Britain and the other countries of the Commonwealth have made toward resolving many of the causes of what he called the "unbalance" between the dollar and the pound. And he defines the issues which America must face if, as he says, she is to enjoy the fruits of an enlarged volume of trade, more stable currencies, and an expanded area of economic freedom. As well as advocating an announcement that America will work towards freer trade, Mr. Douglas calls for an increase of private dollar investment in foreign countries and a definition by the International Bank of the terms on which the investment of private American funds abroad might be made with reasonable immunity against most of the political risks. Also he suggests that American banking houses should join with London banks in making sterling loans, with some sort of British guarantee of a rate of exchange and the United States Export-Import Bank guaranteeing that the pounds could be transferred into dollars. Mr. Douglas believed that this combination of guarantees as to rate and transferability might apply to all dollar investments made in the Sterling Area. He would in general like to see further progress made towards the convertibility of sterling, but he says it would be unfortunate to run any risk of repeating what he calls "the ill-timed and ill-fated experiment in convertibility which was undertaken at our insistence in 1947", and he says that the increase in the British gold and dollar reserves, welcome as it is, must be regarded as modest'.



# General Zahedi's Coup in Persia

By Brigadier FITZROY MACLEAN, M.P.

IT is just over ten years since I pressed a Colt automatic into the lower ribs of the present Prime Minister of Persia and invited him to put his hands up. There had been, I hasten to add, no personal unpleasantness between us; I just happened to have been instructed by my military superiors to kidnap him, and kidnap him I did, from his headquarters in Isfahan, with the help of a staff car, a platoon of Seaforth Highlanders, and a couple of plain vans.

We had first taken the precaution of cutting the telegraph lines connecting General Zahedi's house with the camps and barracks in which the bulk of his troops were housed, so that his removal was carried out with a minimum of disturbance. In fact, the General never really had a chance. Even the sentry at the gate presented arms as his master drove past him in the staff car, sitting bolt upright, with my pistol in his back and a rather strained expression on his face. Afterwards we drove him out into the desert where an aircraft was waiting to take him to Palestine, and there he spent the rest of the war in an internment camp. Apparently he had resented the allied occupation of his country, and this had led him to enter into rather closer relations with the Germans than was thought healthy by our military authorities. In fact, I believe he had planned a concentrated move against allied troops in Persia, to coincide with a German parachute attack on 10th Army Headquarters.

One of the questions I asked while I was being briefed for Operation Pongo, as it was called, was whether or not I should shoot General Zahedi if he offered resistance. After a good deal of humming and hawing, I was told that I could shoot him if it was necessary, but not otherwise. Fortunately, it was not necessary. I am glad of this. For one thing General Zahedi struck me as being a charming and, no doubt according to his own lights, a loyal and patriotic officer. And, secondly, if I had been forced to shoot him dead on that sunny afternoon in Isfahan, ten years ago, he would not have been there to carry out the remarkable coup which has been making headlines in our newspapers.

It is still rather early to judge, but I am inclined to think that what has happened in Persia is all to the good and may be of great importance. After his behaviour over Abadan, no one could feel that old Doctor Moussadeq was in any way a friend of this country's. The only thing that could be said for him was that he did seem to have an uncanny gift for playing people off, one

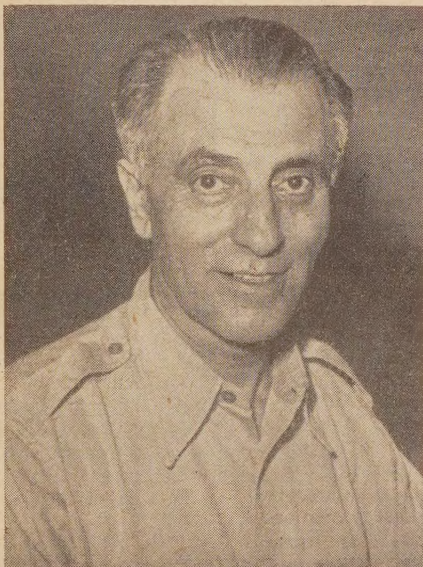
against the other, and that while defying the west he at least had not so far thrown himself into the arms of the Russians. But of late a good many well-informed observers had begun to feel a good deal less certain about this. Of recent weeks there had been numerous indications that Dr. Moussadeq was finding his balancing trick too much for him.

Everything showed that he was getting more and more heavily involved with the Russians and with their henchmen, the Tudeh Party, as the Persian communists are called. By depriving Persia of the oil revenues which would otherwise have accrued to her from the confiscated oil wells and refineries at Abadan, he had wilfully placed his country in an extremely difficult position, both economically and financially. Soon the Persian economy was facing disaster. In the circumstances Dr. Moussadeq found himself forced to accept a barter offer from the Russians. The Russians next demanded the relaxation of the measures which had been taken against the Persian communists. Dr. Moussadeq complied. Before long there was a marked increase in communist representation in the Majlis, or parliament. Then, in his recent speech in Moscow, Mr. Malenkov paid unusual attention to Persia, attention that was at once flattering and, at the same time, faintly menacing. 'It depends on the Teheran Government', he said, 'whether Soviet-Persian relations develop in a friendly manner or not'.

Thus, while the communists extended their influence internally, the Russians brought pressure to bear externally. It was noticed that Dr. Moussadeq spent more and more time closeted with the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Anatoly Lavrentyev. Incidentally, I heard rather an amusing story about Lavrentyev the other day. Before going

to Persia he was Soviet Ambassador in Yugoslavia. It was he who handled, or rather mis-handled, the crisis of 1948, which led to Tito's break with Moscow. While he was in Yugoslavia, the Yugoslav Government were much struck and a little dismayed by his stupidity. And so a leading member of the Government, an old friend of mine, who happened to be in Moscow, thought that he would raise the matter with Molotov in person. 'Why', he asked, with typical Yugoslav directness, 'have you sent us such a very stupid Ambassador?' 'Lavrentyev may be stupid', Molotov replied, 'but he is a very good Bolshevik'.

It looks rather as though Lavrentyev's stupidity was coming into play once again. He certainly badly



General Fazlollah Zahedi, the new Prime Minister of Persia



The Shah of Persia being greeted by members of the Diplomatic Corps on his return to Teheran on August 22, six days after Dr. Moussadeq's coup caused him to leave the country



misled his Government about the situation in Yugoslavia five years ago, and now he seems to have done the same thing in Persia. One morning the Soviet press was crowing over what it called 'the failure of American machinations in Persia'; the next day they were lamenting their success and the overthrow of what they described as 'the legitimate Government of Persia'. So it looks rather as though they had been taken unawares by what has happened.

There is no reason to suppose that the Americans had anything whatever to do with General Zahedi's success. My guess is that it was a natural reaction on the part of the army and of other sections of opinion in Persia, against the ever-growing Soviet and communist influence which was creeping in under Moussadeq. In fact, once again the Russians did not realise how unpopular they were. It is the Yugoslav story over again, and I cannot help feeling that it is more than a coincidence that the Russian Ambassador was the same man in both instances. Evidently Mr. Anatoly Lavrentyev is the man whom the Soviet Government choose to handle any particularly difficult or delicate cases, and who consistently mishandles them. I wonder whether he will get another job?

There is another thing; when the Russians speak of Dr. Moussadeq's Government as the legitimate Government of Persia they are talking the most arrant nonsense. During the last week or two Dr. Moussadeq's conduct has been unconstitutional in the extreme. He first brought every

kind of pressure to bear on the Shah to get him to dissolve parliament. Then he resorted to a sham referendum which, thanks to the most blatant intimidation of his opponents, gave him an enormous—a really totalitarian—majority. It was as a protest against this high-handed procedure that the Shah, who, thanks to his western upbringing, is a warm supporter of parliamentary institutions, decided to appoint General Zahedi as Prime Minister in Dr. Moussadeq's place. And it was against that decision that Dr. Moussadeq reacted by force of arms, and got paid out in his own coin. So, as far as one can see, General Zahedi seems to have a considerably better claim to be head of the legitimate Government of Persia than does Dr. Moussadeq.

Whether General Zahedi will prove any better disposed to the west than did his predecessor is hard to tell. But one thing is certain: if he shows himself genuinely independent and ready to solve outstanding problems by ordinary, friendly discussion and negotiation, he will be met with a corresponding cordiality on the part of the Western Powers. In any case, they will certainly sympathise with him and with the Shah in their courageous refusal to allow their country to fall under communist domination.

As far as I personally am concerned, I hope, for my part, that the General will join me in agreeing to let bygones be bygones, and I should like to take this opportunity of wishing him good luck in what will certainly be a very difficult undertaking.

—General Overseas and Home Services

## The New Policy in Eastern Germany

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. correspondent

**W**HEN tanks have to fire on the workers in a 'workers' paradise', it is no longer a paradise. This is the verdict of Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the former Democratic candidate for the United States presidency, on the mass uprising in eastern Germany last June. But it is not only in the west that the faults of communist administration in eastern Germany have been recognised. Two months ago, the east German Government announced the failure of its past policy of socialist construction, and outlined new measures designed to raise the living standard of the people and to secure German unity. This confession of past mistakes was the signal for the uprising in east Berlin and throughout the Russian zone. It was the classical communist-conceived revolutionary situation—a government that could not, and a people that would not, continue in the old way.

The rebellion was crushed in a matter of hours by Russian tanks and infantry; the east German workers were compelled to return reluctantly to their factories. The communist-controlled Socialist Unity Party—the most powerful political group in the country—purged its ranks and declared its determination to remain at the head of affairs, to safeguard the interests of what it termed 'the first peaceful German workers' state'. But although, with a few exceptions, the same men rule eastern Germany as did before the adoption of the new policy and the workers' strikes and demonstrations, a radical change has come about in the climate of opinion. The Government and the party are now aware of the dissatisfaction felt by the mass of the

people. In political matters, however, the authorities are not prepared to relent, but in the realms of culture and economics, party members and government officials are not only willing but actually eager to hear the views of the man-in-the-street.

Recently I talked to a furrier who had come all the way from his village by the Czechoslovak border, 200 miles away, to collect a parcel of free food in west Berlin. He said to me: 'Since June 17'—that was the date of the workers' rebellion—'we are all prepared to open our mouths much wider than before'. He added with a smile: 'They'—the communists—'would like to put the bit back in our mouths, but they dare not'. Another aspect of this greater freedom of speech was illustrated for me by a worker from Leipzig. He said: 'In my factory I can talk to the shop stewards about better lavatories and washing facilities, but I dare not talk about the release of my mates who were imprisoned after the riots in June'. In other words, a discussion concerning the improvement of plumbing facilities in a works is free socialist expression of opinion, but even to imply criticism of measures designed to protect the state against so-called 'fascist agitators', is to be a fascist agent oneself.

But, politics apart, self-criticism is not a sin in eastern Germany today. The press is daily filled with critical articles on various aspects of life in the Russian zone. The newspapers insist that there must be better films, beautiful clothes for women, higher quality shoes, more responsive audiences for opera, lighter and more entertaining radio, better opportunities for amusement,



A Russian tank being used against demonstrators in east Berlin during the riots of June 17



and even better journalistic writing. The state-owned film monopoly in eastern Germany, responsible for making and importing films in the Russian zone, was the subject of press criticism before the adoption of the Government's new policy; the newspapers noted that four times as many people go to see a western picture as see the best films made in Russia or in the Russian zone. Last spring the critics decided that this was due to the lack of love interest in the communist films offered for the entertainment and instruction of the people.

'What we need', said *Neues Deutschland*, 'is a very clear vision of the beautiful, proud, deeply human nature of love between two socialist beings'. The President of what the communists like to call the German Democratic Republic, Herr Pieck, remarked that when he was a young man, over fifty years ago, he did not talk to his girl friend about tractors. Now, east German newspapers complain that it is not only love that is lacking in communist films, but also humour. The *Berliner Zeitung*, a newspaper published in east

Berlin, recalls a statement of Lenin's that the cinema is the most important of the arts. 'The fact is', the newspaper declares, 'the Soviet zone film monopoly has neglected one important aspect of this art—comedy'. The basic reason for this neglect, it says, is that the east German film authorities still do not know what is ideologically laughable and what is not. Script writers, therefore, find it extremely difficult to produce scenarios which are both funny and on the party line. 'The result is', the *Berliner Zeitung* says, 'that the industry as a whole funks making funny films and tends to concentrate on sociological problems and their answers. Such films are generally dull'. 'What is needed', the paper declares in one sweeping generalisation, 'are films which are vital, ideologically sound, artistic, politically convincing, and funny'.

But if the east German cinema is inclined to take its cultural task too earnestly, there are people in the Russian zone who feel that branches of art are not taken seriously enough. The other day, a reader of the Christian Democrat newspaper, *Neue Zeit*, wrote indignantly to the editor about the habits of the audience at the opera. Throughout the overture, he says, they discuss office politics, cooking recipes, other people's clothes, and where to go for their holiday. In what appears to be a most inequalitarian way, this music lover says that the fault lies with the state which gives out free tickets to the wrong people. Everyone should pay to see opera, he considers: 'better a comparatively empty theatre of understanding people than a full house composed of uncultured nitwits'. This seems, however, to be a minority opinion; the general trend in eastern Germany of the new policy is towards capturing a mass audience. Entertainment and culture, it is felt, are not the prerogatives of the few but of the many. The communist-controlled radio in the Russian zone has admitted to being dull and boring in the past. The top political commentator, Herr von Schnitzler, who worked for the B.B.C. during the war, declared: 'We have drifted apart from our listeners by the very structure of our programmes'. He has promised more cheerfulness and humour. There are to be full musical evenings uninterrupted by political comment, but the struggle against the imperialist fascist warmongers of the west must go on. Herr von Schnitzler said: 'We will fight our enemies



Two pictures from newspapers in the eastern zone of Germany: peasants bringing in the last wagon-load of the harvest in the district of Halle—the caption reads: 'The grain quota had been fulfilled 100 per cent. a week early' (in *Neues Deutschland*, August 15)—



—and factory workers from Leipzig giving a helping hand to smallholders from the neighbouring countryside, so that they can deliver their grain ahead of schedule (in an illustrated supplement to *Freien Bauern*, August 16)

with satire and laughter and not with the sledgehammer we used to wield'.

Radio news bulletins have also been critically scrutinised and their faults analysed by Herr von Schnitzler's colleague, Herr Gessner. In a dramatic radio confession Herr Gessner told his audience: 'We have broadcast lies and falsehoods in the past; we have misled our people'. He promised that in the future there would be vast changes and that listeners could be confident of hearing the truth over the 'democratic' radio. This self-criticism was broadcast a month ago, but recently the newspaper, *Neue Zeit*, noted mournfully that east Germans continue to listen unrepentantly to western radio stations. A correspondent writes that in the buses and trams of east Berlin the workers discuss the political news of the day which they have learned from R.I.A.S., the Radio in the American Sector, or from the B.B.C. 'Our broadcasting stations', he says, 'are always late with the news'.

It is not only the radio that has been guilty of faults in the past; newspapers, too, must shoulder their share of the blame for untruthfulness and poor propaganda methods. The east German Prime Minister, Herr Grotewohl, has told the Association of Soviet Zone Journalists that they must deal straightforwardly and truthfully with everything. 'The more this is done', he said, 'the more the public will trust you'. The association itself promised to avoid doctrinaire language and dullness in the future. A unanimously adopted resolution says that the press must move closer to the people and expose the failings of the Government as well as the great dangers of western agents and agitators. One of the main objects of east German propaganda is to convey the impression that the communist way of life is joyful and happy. The newspapers

carry pictures of laughing boys and girls helping with the harvest, dancing in the fields, swimming, cycling, and hiking through the woods. But recently *Neues Deutschland* revealed the dark reality beneath the bright propaganda colours. 'In east Berlin', the newspaper said, 'hundreds of young men and women loiter at street corners after work is done; they waste their leisure drinking in bars, or—worst of all—visiting cinemas in the western sectors of the city. There are fifty or more youth clubs in east Berlin, which should cater for the desires of young people for dancing, gaiety, and happiness'. The newspaper bitterly attacks those responsible for running these clubs. 'They have neglected their jobs', it declares.

*Neues Deutschland* bases its criticism on the experience of a young man who tried to take his nineteen-year-old wife out dancing. They visited eight youth clubs, most of which were completely empty. It was the same story wherever they went: either there were not enough girls, or there was no one to play the music, or there was

(continued on page 338)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Persian situation

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## A Good Place

IN his first two 'Portraits from Memory'—a series of broadcasts we are reproducing in our columns: the second appears this week—Lord Russell has been reviving memories of his undergraduate days at Cambridge in the eighteen-nineties. 'In spite of some lunacy and some laziness', he says, 'Cambridge was a good place, where independence of mind could exist undeterred'. We hope (indeed, can there be any doubt?) that it still is. Naturally the years have brought their changes. The spacious days when the fine flower of perfect donnishness, already passing in Lord Russell's time, was flourishing, when life moved with as much leisureliness as the Cam itself, and when Masters of colleges remained in position so long that they seemed almost as venerable as the colleges themselves—those days are gone. The fact that at a certain college there was only one newly appointed Master between the battle of Waterloo and the battle of Ypres is in every sense an event of the past. So, too, one may surmise, is the legendary type of Master with an autocratic outlook and an eighteenth-century manner. 'Be silent, sir', one such is reported to have said to the youngest Fellow present at a Fellows' meeting (he had, it seems, spoken somewhat out of turn) 'Be silent, sir. We have heard enough from you'. Could Masters address their colleagues so directly in these days? We hardly think so.

In many respects the atmosphere which prevailed in Lord Russell's day lasted up to the Great War. The traditions held and it may be doubted if the pace was quickening much. But to those who went up in 1919—schoolboys and ex-servicemen, perhaps the ex-commander of a battery sitting among the Freshmen while one of his subalterns, returning as a Fellow, was occupying his accustomed chair at the high table—to that generation of undergraduates Cambridge, welcoming as ever, was a place where traditions had to be discovered rather than merely absorbed, where the pace had to be set rather than merely adhered to. The silvery haired tutor who smiled benignly on the returning young officer and observed, in a gentle, quavering voice, that 'the war must have been quite exciting', was felt to be a little out of date. However, that sort of thing was looked on kindly and laughed off—relic of a world that had for ever disappeared. But if life in the 'twenties was hectic, it could also be taken very seriously—far more seriously, one felt, than it had been taken in the days when a man could stay up for three years without having passed the Little Go—simply because he could handle the oars! Work for many more than aforetime was the order of the day, and there were more practical affairs to discuss than how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Even so, the traditions, or many of them, began to reassert themselves and there were not wanting those who tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky. 'Cambridge was a good place'—then, as in Lord Russell's day.

And now? Well, we all know about austerity, overcrowding, shortages of this, that, and the other, high specialisation particularly in the field of science. And it is not only the surface of things that has changed. People from every walk of life can now send their sons and daughters to Cambridge, and what the atmosphere today is like only those who have been up lately can truly gauge. But what Cambridge has to offer cannot change so long as the traditions hold—the traditions of craziness, learning, and independent thought. From what one can gather, life up there is still lived to the full; mad things—quite rightly—are still said and done; dons still have their oddities and foibles. And even if laziness is not so easily tolerated as it used to be, we can hardly believe there is no longer room for those who simply want to stand and stare—which, in the sense of absorbing the atmosphere, is surely one of the objects of going to a university. Cambridge, in other words, is still a good place; and that will come as no surprise to anybody, except possibly Oxonians.

AMONG THE TOPICS DISCUSSED by commentators last week was the situation in Persia, the Soviet Note on Germany, and the *communiqué* published at the conclusion of the Soviet and east German talks in Moscow, broadcast by Moscow radio on August 23 (the fourteenth anniversary of the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact).

On the morning of August 19, after Teheran radio had been off the air for a while, a voice was heard to say, amid shouting: 'Let me read the *communiqué*'. Then another voice: 'It doesn't matter who reads it'. An army officer then read the following *communiqué*:

People of the cities, be wide awake! The Government of Moussadeq has been defeated. . . . Traitors like Fatemi want to sell out the country to the foreigners. Today the Persian royalists have defeated the demagogue government by which Fatemi was ruling. . . . Prime Minister Zahedi will assume his post. There is no place for anxiety. Keep tranquil.

There was no mention of this successful coup by the Persian royalists from Moscow radio throughout the day. Instead—and until the late evening of August 19, Moscow's home and foreign services (including Persian) were broadcasting a *Pravda* article of that morning on 'the failure of the American adventure in Persia'. The American plot to overthrow, through the medium of the Shah's court and certain politicians, the legitimate Persian Government, was said to have 'ignominiously' failed. The article went on to link this alleged American plot in Persia with alleged American plots to organise coups in other countries with the aid of 'exiled politicians' and other 'dregs of society'. The moral drawn was that just as America had failed with its coup in Persia, so it would fail in its plans for coups in the countries of central and eastern Europe. The broadcast article went on:

It is time that the lovers of adventures and provocations realised that such a policy has not, and cannot, have any chance of success. The advocates and executors of the notorious American 'policy of strength' have had an opportunity of becoming convinced of this on more than one occasion. On August 18 they were given yet another object lesson in Persia.

Unfortunately for the logic of *Pravda's* argument the coup in Persia (attributed to the Americans) was already an accomplished fact while the article was still being broadcast.

Two days before the overthrow of the Moussadeq government, Teheran radio quoted an article by Foreign Minister Fatemi (who was later reported as having been 'torn to pieces'), attacking the Shah as a 'traitor'. He went on:

The people want revenge; they want to drag you from behind your desk to the gallows. Tens of thousands in Teheran yesterday expressed their disgust about you yesterday and were loud in their rejoicing when they heard you had left them for good. Moussadeq knew from the beginning that . . . the filthy court had no other Mecca and source of instructions than London.

From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as follows:

It is no longer important to the west to have full access to Persian oil, but, in terms of global strategy, it is important to prevent Persia from coming under Soviet domination. Dr. Moussadeq was being drawn towards control by Russia. If a royalist government can stop the drift and begin to clean up the economic chaos it will have the sympathy of the western world.

Six days before Moscow radio broadcast the *communiqué* announcing certain Soviet concessions to east Germany, Moscow radio broadcast the text of the new Soviet Note to the Western Powers on Germany. Western commentators were almost unanimous in describing the Note as primarily intended to influence the forthcoming west German elections. From the U.S.A. the *New York Times* was quoted as follows:

It would put an immediate end not only to any German rearmament, which the Soviets profess to fear, but would also smash the whole European unification movement and leave the Soviets free to deal with the individual European States one by one. It would put the east German Communists into an all-German government as Trojan Horse agents of the Kremlin. . . . Finally, it would leave the organisation of the all-German 'free' elections to the new coalition government without 'foreign interference'. In short, in return for empty promises, the Soviets would be able to achieve all their immediate objectives in Europe and to prepare the way for further expansion while negotiating, possibly for years, in a 'cold war' truce disguised as a German peace conference.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE PAINT ROOM AT COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET has just finished a short season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Before long, while the Sadler's Wells Company is away in the United States, Covent Garden will once more be given over to opera. But whether ballet or opera, and whatever company holds the stage, there is at least one department of the Garden which is always busy. This is the paint room where new scenery is created and where the old is kept bright and fresh. PETER DONNE, a B.B.C. reporter, described the workshop in 'The Eye-witness'.

'From the flies, forty feet up', he said, 'you look below through an orderly web of ropes, and there are the dancers, slim or muscular legs in tights, slim or muscular torsos in sloppy sweaters or shirts, twirling, leaping, and balancing on the bare stage. They are rehearsing in front of a panorama of heaped travelling baggage. Around the sides of the stage, men with long brooms sweep the time-honoured dust of the Garden, while an upright piano tinkles out familiar music. You are looking at the bare bones of ballet, the skeleton of the art that holds so much loveliness for so many people.'

'From the flies the paint room is just round the corner, on the same level and through a double door. It hangs, in fact, above the rearmost part of the stage. It is a vast, sky-lighted attic, with whitewashed brick walls, and up the back wall, on a great wooden frame, they hoist the cloths which have to be painted. When I was there, it was a wide arch of trees from "Les Sylphides" that the painter was working on—stroking in black shadow, deep-blue sky, and golden moonlight with seeming carelessness, but actually with the utmost care of the original artist's intentions and execution.'

'This scenery has its birth, in the case of a new production, in a cartoon or a scenic model, from which the painter has to produce something that seems to the layman's eye rather larger than life—something that will be an essential part of the total ballet magic or opera magic. As with the craftsman jeweller, working in gold for the cut diamond, the scene painter is out to produce the setting which will best show off or illuminate the loveliness of the jewel of the dance.'

'And so in paint-bespattered clothes she works from paint bespattered benches on wheels, where the colours glow from the depths of utilitarian enamel pots. And against the walls lean some of the results of her work, labelled roughly and prosaically, in black on their wooden supports, "Daphnis and Chloe, O.P.2" or "Symphonic Variations, P.S.3"; while in a corner of the room flanked by a wash-basin and a gas geyser, with a pair of pink tights hanging damply over their heads, the dyers get down to the task of painting in reds and blues and yellows and greens some 300 pairs of white-kid ballet shoes for the Sadler's Wells tour of North America, working amid the sharp scent of fish glue and the music of "Swan Lake" sweeping up through the boards from the stage below'.

## VICTORIANS AT THE SEASIDE

Speaking in the Midland Home Service ALAN WALBANK said: "I am looking out upon a dark gray sea with a keen north-east wind blowing it inshore. The very Banshee of mid-summer is rattling the windows drearily while I write. There are no visitors in the place but children, and they (my own included) have all got the whooping-cough and go about the beach choking incessantly. I think of taming spiders . . .". We all know the feeling when

our fortnight's holiday turns out that way. But it makes no difference. It has been an accepted part of family ritual for about a century now. In fact, when Dickens wrote that unusually gloomy letter from his favourite Broadstairs, in 1847, the seaside holiday had just begun to enjoy real popularity.

'By Victoria's day more of the population than ever before lived



'Pegwell Bay', 1858, by William Dyce

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

and worked in the confinement of large towns. They needed a holiday, if only for health reasons: and while their numbers were much too great, their funds were certainly too small for the ceremonial pleasures of the old, inland resorts, such as Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells.

Moreover, medical opinion had come round to the view that drinking the waters or immersing in them was not the only way to health: sea air was the new specific.

'It was a fortunate coincidence that when so many townsfolk needed "to recruit the shattered energies of jaded mind and body" the means came to hand. For, about the time Dickens wrote from Broadstairs, the railway boom was at its height. By the early 'fifties cheap excursions had reached their first heyday and some benevolent employers were even chartering trains to take their workpeople on a day's outing.'

'When they got to the newer resorts the early Victorians found them not so very different from the old. The standard equipment of a rising watering place was, in fact, copied from that of the spa—an assembly room, a parade, a band, a circulating library, a theatre, a place of worship and not least important, the donkeys. The one innovation, in the interests of steamer traffic and of ozone, was the pier.'

'Provided with relays of holland frocks, warranted to resist the combined action of sand and salt water, and armed with wooden spades and shrimping nets, children dug, squabbled, paddled, and became coated with dirt to their hearts' content. Muslin-clad young ladies, meanwhile, sat rather uncomfortably on



'A Cavalier': young ladies at the seaside, 1857, by John Leech

By courtesy of the proprietors of 'Punch'



the pebbles or breakwaters to read their novels and to make painstaking sketches of the cliffs or of boats in the bay. Or else they indulged the Victorian passion for collecting. You may see them at it in Leech's drawings or in Dyce's picture of Pegwell Bay\*.

### BIRDS OF THE NEW WORLD

'My visit to Newfoundland', said JAMES FISHER in a talk in the Home Service, 'came at the beginning of a tour of North America in which I was to travel 30,000 miles before I had finished, and it was the gentlest possible introduction to a rich and wonderful community of birds. If animal geographers were to base their opinions on Newfoundland and the northern parts of Canada, they would find it impossible to prove that the New World community was fundamentally different from the Old. But as you travel south these differences rapidly unfold, so that somewhere in New England there begins to be more novelty than familiarity, and south of New Jersey one enters what I would call, from the bird point of view, an entirely new world. My American ornithologist friend, Roger Peterson, and I flew from Newfoundland to Boston, and took the road there for all places south, and as we travelled through the wet woods of New England's spring, we met the advancing front of the migratory warblers and flycatchers and others. On my first day I saw eighteen species of birds new to me, on the next day ten, and on the next day ten, and soon afterwards I got nineteen new ones in a day and nineteen more on the next day.

Soon, less than a quarter of the bird species we saw were also Old World species. Perhaps our most extraordinary day was at Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande on the borders of Texas and Mexico. We saw 132 species that day and forty of them I had never seen before in my life: marvellous water-birds like the white pelican and blackbellied tree-duck and Mexican grebe; and four rare birds of prey named (as so often in the New World) after their discoverers: Swainson's hawk, Sennett's white-tailed hawk, Harris's hawk, and Audubon's caracara; and the chachalaca, a game bird that belongs to a special tropical New World family. We saw too, three sub-tropical pigeons, and two extraordinary relations of the cuckoo, the groove-billed ani, a black, grasshopper-eating bird, and the road-runner, a running cuckoo (if you can imagine such a thing) whose business it is to catch lizards, small snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, mice—almost any animal he can get. In forest rides at night our headlights picked out courting pairs of an extraordinary night-jar called the parauque. And we found a whole group of new tyrant flycatchers (a peculiarly New World family), Couch's kingbird, Derby, Mexican crested, yellow-bellied and vermilion flycatchers, western wood pewee, green jay, and a titmouse-like bird called the verdin, two new thrashers (another New World group), and new vireo, warbler, oriole, cowbird, bunting, "sparrows". It was a nightmare, almost, trying to remember the field-characters of these birds: and I doubt today if I could recognise a quarter of them without refreshment from some book.

'When we plunged into Mexico, ending up some 200 miles south of the Tropic of Cancer, we saw or heard 136 species of birds, only seven among them were also European species.

'We could spend a day among parrots and humming birds, encounter toucanets and trogons, and see nothing familiar at all save an occasional barn-swallow (that is the same as our swallow), a solitary raven, or a quarrelling group of the house-sparrows which have been introduced all over the world.

'After the climax in the tropical forests of Mexico, where I have never found bird-watching more difficult, or hotter, Peterson and I turned north, this time up the western side of the United States, and eventually

to Alaska. We found that a line of balance, as it were, runs across the United States, across about the second tier of states down. North of that, more than half the breeding birds are also breeding birds of Europe and western Asia. And south of it the preponderance of New World species builds up rapidly until in Mexico it is about ninety-five per cent.

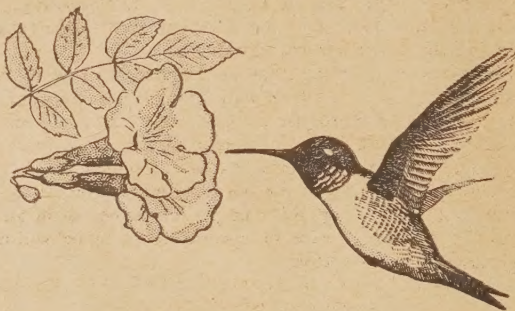
'It is a wonderful experience for an ornithologist who is, like myself, generally confined to the bird fauna of one small European country, to make a long tour of another continent and to get a sudden rich comparison. You can understand that our trip was a busy and a fruitful one when I tell you that Peterson and I saw more than 600 species of birds in a little over three months. Vividly does such a journey illuminate ideas of evolution, of adaptation, and of ecology'.

### HOW TO MAKE ROSE JAM

'In this busy life we all lead', said NOEL CHANTER in a Home Service talk, 'there is not much time for the pleasant, old-fashioned custom of making pot-pourri; but when I see the roses spilling their lovely petals on the ground, the waste of it goes to my heart, and I find myself collecting the petals and drying them along with other sweet-smelling flowers. But, really, to make pot-pourri, you should try to catch the petals before they drop, taking them from full-blown roses which have not yet begun to fade. I have an old-fashioned recipe which I always use. Some of the ingredients you cannot get now unfortunately, but all the same it makes a pleasant concoction which stays fragrant for a long time.

'First of all, you collect your flower petals: I put in any flowers or leaves which have a good scent, such as pinks, carnations, stocks, lavender, verbena, and a geranium leaf or two. You should pick the flowers in the early morning before the sun has dried the dew on them and stolen the scent. You pull the petals from the flowers and spread them out on a tray to dry, indoors somewhere, but not in the sun. Then you collect your spicy ingredients. You must have bay salt and orris root, a pinch or two of mixed spice and mace, a few cloves, and, especially, a little dried orange peel ground to powder. This adds a delicious aroma. Be careful not to overdo any one scent, such as lavender or mint, which might easily drown the rest. Mix it all up, and keep it in a china or glass container away from light and air. Do not forget to take off the lid occasionally and give the mixture a stir. After a while, the scent mellows and improves; so that when winter comes and the roses are no more than a memory, you can release the scent into the room.

'At one time, red roses were the most popular, not only for their scent and beauty, but because they could be made into jam. It seems rather an awful idea, eating your roses, but red-rose-petal conserve was considered a great delicacy on the Victorian tea-table. If you feel like trying it, the conserve is quite simple to make, but it takes a tremendous lot of rose petals; and they have to be red roses. To every pound of dried rose petals allow a pound of sugar. The petals are dried and the sugar is made into a syrup; then you drop in the dried petals and simmer until it thickens. A little rose water or orange-flower water is added to help the flavour. Do not expect this jam to set firmly'.



Ruby-throated hummingbird



Audubon's caracara



Road-runner

Drawings by R. J. Peterson



# The Litigant and the Law

By CLAUD MULLINS

FOR most people the subject of litigation is, happily for them, an academic one. But nobody can be certain that he will never be involved in a law suit. The value of the recently published *Final Report of the Committee on Supreme Court Practice*\* can best be assessed by a glance at the history of litigation. Pride in the common law of England, as the sum total of innumerable judicial decisions of the past is called, has been the theme of countless lawyers. Writing in the first half of the seventeenth century, Chief Justice Coke stated in his famous *Institutes* that 'The Common Law . . . is the absolute perfection of reason'. This kind of adulation echoes down the centuries and can be heard today, in a different kind of language, at almost any banquet at which an eminent English lawyer makes a speech. On such occasions one often hears it said that British justice is the envy of the world. This may be true of our criminal justice, but not of our methods of ordinary litigation. I have mixed with foreign lawyers more than most barristers, but I have never heard one express envy at our methods of handling litigation between man and man.

## Costly Judicial Decisions

Every brick that makes up the edifice of the common law was provided at the expense of litigants, who were not seeking to lay down important legal principles but were trying to maintain, or to defend, their personal rights. Every judicial decision which helped to establish one of our rules of law, or to limit or enlarge an existing rule, cost some individual party a great deal of money, perhaps more than he could afford.

At the end of the seventeenth century a man wanted to move some hogsheads of brandy from one cellar to another. A friend undertook to help him and did not seek any payment for his services. This friend spilt some of the brandy. The owner of the brandy sued his friend in the courts and won his case. This friend appealed and, in 1703, the case was re-argued before four judges. The law on the subject was found to be so vague that Chief Justice Holt took the opportunity to lay down a principle in his judgment. To this day the case of *Coggs v. Bernard* is frequently cited in the courts and has all the force of an act of parliament. But nobody bothers to express any sympathy with the unfortunate, good-natured, but clumsy friend at whose expense this principle was laid down.

The story of this unfortunate man is typical of the methods by which the English common law was built up. The litigant principally concerned presumably had no desire that law should be made at his expense. He merely wanted to have reversed a judicial decision that seemed oppressive to him. In fact, much of the high cost of litigation is due today, as in earlier centuries, to the cost of taking decisions on appeal to the higher courts. But if the facts in any case involve a new point of law, the urge to appeal is inevitably strong in the lawyers concerned. If permission to appeal is necessary, a similar urge will be felt in the court giving that permission. It is also the fact that every recorded decision by a judge in the high court, or in the appeal courts—even on points of procedure—may make fresh law, and it is this fact that produces the legal enthusiasm to appeal.

## Fourteen-year Dispute

Another case of this kind lasted from 1764 to 1778. There was a dispute about a sum of money that a man had promised to pay in writing. The parties agreed to accept the decision of an arbitrator without taking the dispute to the courts. The arbitrator awarded the sum of £983, but before the money was paid, both parties died. The matter had to be settled by the respective executors. The validity of the arbitrator's award was taken to the courts. The case finally reached the House of Lords, where the issue was not a question of fact, but one of law. After consulting his colleagues, the Lord Chief Baron gave the decision in which these words appear: 'The law of this country supplies no means, nor affords any remedy, to compel the performance of an agreement made without sufficient consideration'. This word 'considera-

tion' means something of value; in other words, the man who promised to pay £983 was merely being charitable; he did not benefit in any way. Strangely enough, this decision in the case of *Rann v. Hughes* is still the law in England. A mere promise to pay that is not in a sealed document cannot be enforced in the courts, unless some benefit lies with the one who promises.

Seeing that an Englishman's word has the reputation of being his bond, I have long thought it extraordinary that our law does not accept his promise as valid, unless he gets something in return. In this decision the law of England broke away from historic Roman law and from legal systems that are founded on Roman law, like that of Scotland. North of the border a mere promise to pay can be enforced, but not so in England. And all this arose out of an agreement between two people, who were so reasonable as to be willing to accept the decision of an arbitrator.

The pockets of litigants were depleted not only for the laying down of new principles of law, but also for decisions about procedure, namely, about the highly complicated system of preliminary steps that were held to be necessary before cases could reach the judges for decision. A great judge of the last century, Lord Bowen, is recorded by his biographer to have said that 'The Common Law courts of the country seemed constantly occupied in the discussion of the merest conundrums, which bore no relation to the merits of any controversies, except those of pedants'. Today there are, I am glad to say, fewer battles on points of procedure, but one of the tests that we must apply to the new report is the extent to which in future litigation heavy expenses will still be incurred by the argument and decision of points of law that may be of value to lawyers, but which do not directly concern the parties who have to pay the bills. We shall have to see whether this vivisection of the litigant will still take place.

## Claims for Small Amounts

One of the worst features of our historic methods is that even cases that arise in the county courts can be given the same kind of treatment that I have described. Many such cases are on record where claims for small amounts, and even points of procedure concerning them, have been involved in expensive arguments in courts of appeal. I do not wish to convey the impression that litigation today must of necessity be expensive. For a long time it has been possible to obtain judicial decisions cheaply, but only if both parties consent. I have a vivid recollection of a case soon after I was called to the bar in 1913 which I attended in the capacity of pupil in chambers. There was a dispute between a large organisation and some of its members as to the meaning of a certain document. All parties agreed to the simple procedure. The necessary facts were placed before the court in affidavits. There was no appeal. This case—I never again saw its like—made a great impression upon my young professional mind.

The new report begins by the gloomy statement that the simplest action in the high court involving witnesses and lasting about one day only will cost the loser no less than between £150 to £200. To me that seems a shocking statement. But the shock becomes greater when it is realised that the loser will also have to pay at least as much to his own solicitor. The central proposal of the committee is that when the lawyers in an action have defined the issues to be decided and completed their enquiries, there should be a hearing before a master, who is a sort of judge of junior rank. This is to be called a *Summons for Directions*, the name of an existing procedure of lesser importance. The master is to discuss with the lawyers and to give directions about which facts and documents should be admitted by the opposite party, or proved by an affidavit, thus avoiding the expense of calling witnesses; whether expert witnesses are required and, if so, how many; whether both parties will agree to abstain from any appeal; and whether a junior barrister shall conduct the case in court, or whether a Queen's Counsel also shall be briefed.

The success of this proposal must depend upon the courage and persistence of the masters. As the report says, 'It is obvious that the



way to avoid costs is to avoid the steps or other incidents that cause costs'. Despite the minor changes made in recent years, extravagant traditions persist. To quote the report again: 'In the great majority of cases some luxuries are now regarded as necessities'. What the report calls 'professional habit and tradition' does not at present favour economy. Masters will have to be veritable Napoleons if this step is to succeed. The ones that I have known could scarcely be so described.

But even if the so-called 'new approach' recommended by the committee is successful, the problem of appeals and precedents will remain. Here the report is somewhat disappointing. Nowhere is it emphasised that appeals are an evil for the litigant if their sole or main object is to clarify the law for the benefit of posterity, or to clear up some conflicting judicial decisions of the past. Nor is it truly appreciated that it is the fact that every decision by a high court judge may add yet another brick to the common law that encourages appeals. But the committee felt unable to consider this aspect of the problem. They also gave no consideration to the question of the number of judicial decisions which henceforth are to be regarded as binding. The annual torrent of these decisions complicates the work of barristers and, therefore, increases the fees that they may expect.

The committee discussed the possibility that the state should be made to pay for appeals. Suggestions in favour of this step, it is not surprising to know, came from several quarters. They were, to quote the report, 'founded on the proposition that a successful appeal is conclusive proof that the judge in the court below was wrong'. But 'right' and 'wrong' are scarcely suitable words to apply to judicial rulings on points of law. There are usually at least two answers to legal problems and, with the best of intentions, judges frequently differ. The only reason why decisions of the House of Lords are final, said a wag, is that there is no appeal from them. However, the committee found that the terms of reference which guided their deliberations did not allow them to consider these drastic suggestions.

The successful opponent of a state-assisted litigant receives a certain amount of sympathy in the report, but little is suggested to relieve his hard lot. To quote the report: 'In one way the lot of the litigant of the 'average' class has been worsened by the legal aid scheme, for if he finds himself opposed by a legally aided litigant, he may, however just his claim or defence, be unable to recover any costs at all, either at the trial or upon appeal'. This is the inevitable result when politicians concentrate on the supposed needs of those on the lowest economic levels and assume that everybody else is rich enough to be able to afford expensive actions in the courts.

The report of the committee contains many other proposals, most of them highly technical. One of these is of some general interest, namely, the suggestion that, when a Queen's Counsel is briefed with

a junior barrister, the fee of the latter should no longer be automatically two-thirds that of the Q.C. It has always seemed to me that this matter should be, as the committee suggest, a matter of arrangement and not automatic. Let me give two illustrations from the distant days when I was at the bar. Another junior barrister and myself were briefed to give an opinion for some eastern potentate on a matter in which both of us had special knowledge. We spent a long time in working out our opinion. As neither of us would have been well known to the potentate, the solicitor thought it best to brief also a prominent King's Counsel, but this eminent man did not possess the special experience that his juniors had. We sent him our joint opinion and in the end he signed it without altering a comma. The other junior duly received two-thirds of the large fee paid to the K.C. and I slightly less. That was an equitable arrangement for both of us; we had both earned our fees. But there were many occasions when I was willing to conduct a case for, say, twenty guineas. Sometimes, however, the client wanted the services of an expensive K.C. Then because of the eminence of this K.C. I would receive two-thirds of his fee, which was sometimes a hundred guineas, although in fact I now had less responsibility and work at the hearing. This seemed to me absurd, however pleasant. I hope that members of the bar will in the end accept this recommendation of the committee and thus show that they are ready to play their part in the 'new approach'.

It is clear that the success of this 'new approach' depends upon the attitude of judges, masters, barristers, and solicitors. If, as I hope, they all make a determined effort to use every reasonable opportunity for cheapening litigation, then ordinary litigation will become to some extent cheaper, and, therefore, more abundant. But the history of past efforts to achieve this object is not encouraging. For instance, great economies are possible, as the committee has pointed out, by limiting the number of witnesses in court. This can be done, if before the court hearings of cases the lawyers on both sides will admit all facts that are not seriously in dispute. In the past every fact had to be proved by witnesses in court because such a high proportion of cases were tried before a jury. But now juries are rare in civil cases. Earlier efforts to reduce the number of witnesses have failed. Thus, in 1894, parliament expressly authorised the making of rules for regulating 'the means by which particular facts may be proved'. Only one rule was made under these powers and in 1916 it was decided by a high court judge that this rule 'was not intended to displace the rules of evidence at a trial' (in the case of *Rainbow v. Kittoe*). Later Lord Maugham, a Lord of Appeal, drafted a bill to simplify the calling of witnesses at a trial and this bill became law in 1938. But, again, the results have been disappointing. The committee make further proposals, the effect of which should be to reduce the cost of litigation. May these have a better fate.—*Third Programme*

## Town Planning in Italy

By MAX LOCK

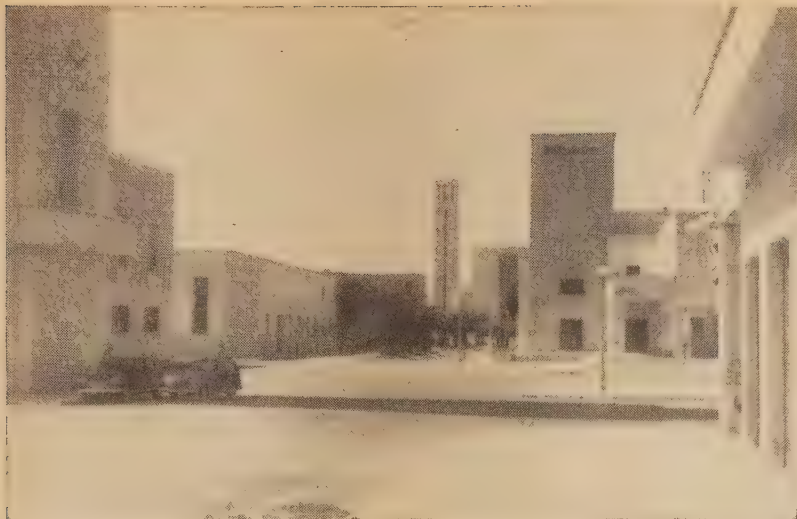
**A** WEEK or two ago, front-page news in the Italian newspapers was the publication of two big government reports—Tremolini's survey on unemployment, and Vigorelli's investigation into misery and the evil effects of poverty. This joint work amounted to no less than fourteen volumes, and one of the main recommendations was that the cleaning up of the decayed centres of towns was urgently necessary. The last volume was a special study of part of an existing town, showing how preliminary surveys should be made before reconstruction could be carried out. This report may prove to be as significant a milestone in the progress of housing and town-planning in Italy as was the Barlow report on the distribution of the industrial population in Great Britain in 1940. Unhappily, since the war, Italy has suffered so much from economic, social, and political tensions that she has been unable to provide a solid legislative foundation for her urgent problems of physical reconstruction, either local or regional.

It was only a few days ago that I was discussing this with an interesting group of Italian planners, engineers, and architects. They had been sent here not by the Government but by the private indus-

trialist, Adriano Olivetti, who, in making plans for the expansion of his typewriter industry which employs many thousands at Ivrea near Turin, was anxious to know the methods by which we in Great Britain prepared the framework for our plans.

During the nineteen-thirties Mussolini, like all great autocrats in history, had tackled the problem of civic design from outside, or, rather, from above and without any preliminary social surveys; he drove great streets through the congested slums and cleared wide areas, stamping the centres of cities with pretentious neo-renaissance palaces—as, for instance, in Piacentini's Victory Square at Brescia; or, again, in the station and its approaches at Milan which, with its overpowering grandeur, exhausts both eyes and feet. Architects were kept busy in those days on an endless programme of some 1,000 national competitions for town-planning schemes; these were illustrated weekly in the technical journal *Architettura*, then the official organ of the Piacentini school. These were often wild scenographic exercises, claiming to be democratic, while in reality merely gratifying the megalomania of the fascists. Out of these 1,000 layouts, only twelve have ever reached the stage of formal approval.





Sabaudia, a new town in the reclaimed area of the Pontine Marshes, planned in 1935, which now has a population of 15,000  
Max Lock

However, there were some schemes of great social importance carried out under Mussolini. One of these was the rehabilitation of the area of the Pontine Marshes between Rome and Naples. From a sparse, mosquito-infested area, a rich region was cultivated and populated with small flourishing cities and new towns, such as Latina, Aprilia, Sabaudia. I visited these towns, and was particularly struck with Sabaudia which was planned in 1935 by the architect, teacher, and scholar, Luigi Piccinato. It was a compact town of about 15,000 persons. The centre with its church, hotel, shops, and the rather palatial but inevitable Case del Fascio (party headquarters), was arranged in two well-proportioned and interconnected squares. By now the trees have had time to grow and the whole place looks more pleasing and mature than a number of our own garden cities and dormitory suburbs that were well on the way to completion by 1935. Sabaudia was a revelation and an example for the younger pre-war Italian planners, but unhappily Piacentini's more gainfully occupied, pompous and nationalistic school imposed itself, and throughout the rest of the régime succeeded in suppressing this simpler, more human, and organic approach.

But, surprisingly enough, in the chaos of war in 1942 a Town Planning Act was passed, only to be consistently ignored in the following years by the towns and the government alike. However, although now out of date this act will at least form the stepping stone towards an urgently needed comprehensive act that can link up the planning of the regions, towns, and villages,

like our Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 (and somehow, too, the Italians will find a way to crack the hardest nut of legislation—the public acquisition of land and control of development).

But although public and private opinion in Italy since the war has been too preoccupied with other problems and hardships to care about either planning or the collective discipline needed to achieve it, to the eyes of the outside observer Italy is making (and will continue to make) a notable contribution to modern housing and civic design. Four very live influences are making themselves felt far beyond the frontiers of Italy. First, there are the pages of the quarterly town-planning review, *Urbanistica*, edited by Giovanni Astengo, which maintain a standard of excellence as yet unmatched. Second, there is the work of the Italian Town Planning Institute, which, under the lively leadership of its industrialist president, Adriano Olivetti, prepares the way for new legislation not only by detailed study and advice but also by annual national town-planning congresses. The third influence is that of the Faculties of Architecture in the universities, which, as in Venice and Rome, with a core of cultured and lively teachers, turn out young architects, the work of many of whom is fresh and distinguished.



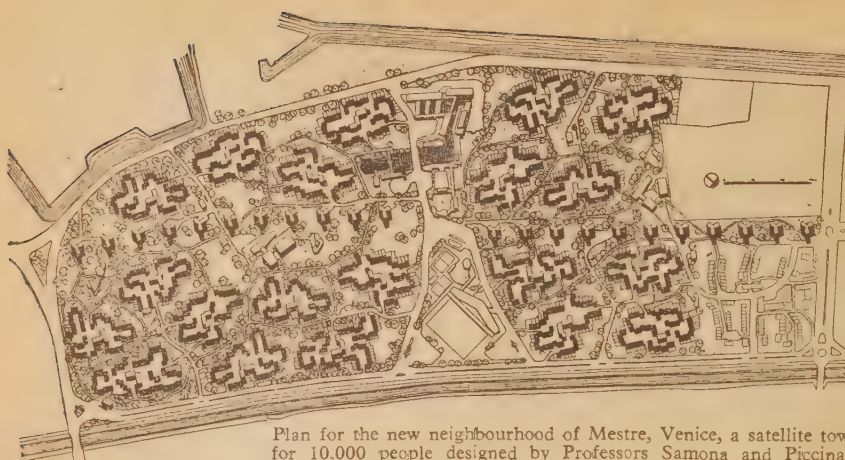
La Martella, a district of Matera in southern Italy, where for centuries people have lived in caves in the hillside. Below: one of the new houses being built in this neighbourhood, with special regard for the custom of the close association of neighbours in small groups



The fourth influence, probably the most important of all, are the enthusiastic private groups who (as some of us did in Britain ten years ago) have formed themselves into teams to make serious and practical investigations of problems both local and regional. These teams comprise geographers, economists, sociologists, as well as architects and engineers. It was a group such as this that I recently met in London. Their object is to co-ordinate about twenty small communities of the Canavese area surrounding Ivrea, and to evolve a plan of human settlement that is really human, based upon the social and psychological needs of the people; and they had come here to examine among other things not only our techniques of physical survey but our methods of consulting the people.

In Italy, because there is no obligation for every town to have a plan, and because those towns which possess one either cannot or do not want to enforce it, the only field in which





Plan for the new neighbourhood of Mestre, Venice, a satellite town for 10,000 people designed by Professors Samona and Piccinato

a studied attempt at order and good layout is evident is that of housing. Housing in Italy is not jointly subsidised by a Ministry of Housing and the municipalities (as in Great Britain) but is entrusted by the Government to special agencies, chief of which is Ina Casa, set up two years ago under the Minister of Labour, Fanfani, whose object was to relieve unemployment in the building industry. Ina Casa confines itself to the housing schemes of the larger cities, and is financed by contributions from wages and salaries of employees and by a sort of levy put on the employers. The depressed rural districts are assisted by Unrra Casas, a housing agency helped by the United Nations. Then, for Italy's special area, the south and Sardinia, there is a body known as Cassa di Mezzogiorno.

For their schemes in the big cities, Ina Casa have been sufficiently enlightened to obtain the services of the most able and promising architects. This they have done by means of a system of preliminary 'knock-out' competitions, far less wasteful of man-hours than either the variety Mussolini indulged in or, for that matter, the system we use for open architectural competitions here. Moreover, since they cannot yet get on with central clearance, they have had to decide on a policy of adding large neighbourhoods on to the outskirts or beyond the outskirts of most of the bigger towns: Rome, Genoa, Milan, Venice, Turin, Naples, Palermo in Sicily. So, though not necessarily ideal from the wider town-planning point of view, the ground is at least cleared for each group of architects to plan their neighbourhoods *de novo*, free from restrictions imposed by too much local and governmental administrative machinery. And these schemes, which have been produced and are already being built, are remarkably fresh, sympathetic, and human in their approach.

The large neighbourhood at Mestre, on the mainland near Venice, for example, which is virtually a satellite town for 10,000 people, designed by Professor Samona and Professor Piccinato and their colleagues, has sought to cater for the needs of those who like society as well as those who like solitude. For those who like to see a lot of their neighbours they have arranged a system of small enclaves or groups of about eighty houses, each built round one or two intimate, irregularly shaped but interconnected *piazzette* or squares. From the air, each little cluster of houses looks like an island floating in a large free area of open space, and all the gardens face outwards on to it. For those who dislike the close association of neighbours, the architects have provided tall blocks of flats standing rather severely aloof, like a line of giant sentries, in the centre of the large green park. In our new towns in Britain and in a great deal of our municipal housing development, one looks in vain for a small square or courtyard that is intimate and neighbourly. In this way these new projects in Italy have something to teach us.

Another interesting scheme is that of architect Giovanni Astengo and his group for the new neighbourhood of Falkerà, outside Turin. Here their difficult problem is to enclose spaces while opening up views, and since the whole of the Piedmontese landscape surrounding this housing area is very beautiful, the architects have arrived at an ingenious system of polygonal village greens, enclosed by continuously built dwellings, except for one side of the enclosure which is open to the views.

But these two schemes are both in Italy's relatively prosperous north. In the poverty-stricken south one interesting project deserves mention:

the plan for the town and surrounding region of Matera, situated right in the instep of the foot of Italy. Several thousands of the inhabitants here do not live in houses but in improvised rooms called *sassi*; rooms which are formed out of the grottoes which honeycomb the terraced hill-slopes. Since they are mostly peasants they must go each day with their mules to the fields. The family and the mule sleep in the same room in these caves. For centuries these people have lived together like this. The plan in re-accommodating families in modern, unfamiliar dwellings has had to pay careful attention to this custom of close association of neighbours in small groups, and for this a meticulous social survey was first made.

Italy has perhaps one important lesson to teach us. She is at present fresher and more experimental in her approach than we are. Because of the absence of administrative control the private consultants and architects are sought out and given the opportunity to make their contribution; while in Great Britain, because we have perhaps over-organised our administration, the door is almost closed to independent planners and groups of newly qualified young men and women who seek to practise in private outside the official fence. Although the Italians may come to us to learn of our methods in conducting economic, geographic, and sociological surveys, of analysing conditions of traffic, of industry, of travel to work, it is hoped that those of them who are now showing their own Government the way with such distinction will always be allowed, should they wish, to march independently along it.—*Third Programme*

## The Junior Class

Slitting the bonny roughhouse with my tongue  
I spread them out waist-high to take the light,  
repress the profile to its varnished desk  
and, navigator of the ceaseless young,  
I make a raft to sail their seas of risk  
of the Lord's Prayer, corded and buoyed  
with words like casks, for fear that in that flood  
of heaving silences and perilous smiles  
I should so dote on childhood as to fall  
downsea with dreaming, there to meet  
arrogant as an anchor my own boyhood  
loafing on its shoal below them all.

The lesson is a boat that veers and yaws  
between my teacher's sea-legs, their awash  
reef interest: the coral of digression  
brilliant with fish at which they loose applause  
of lacy foam and laughter on the surface—  
then, slipping from the islands of landed fact  
and drifting away, they leave myself marooned  
like Robinson Crusoe standing stark and wrecked,  
alone with his footprints, algebra and sand.

I swear by masts, love charts, and keep routine  
of watch upon the bridge to the rinsing bell  
and silver bosun's whistle, but they play  
their darts like flying fish and submarine  
their hair goes swimmingly: their buoy or ball  
ascends, descends; they glitter about drift  
of wooden word—and though we plan all day  
voyage exact we err into their murmur,  
whose ignorance, adoring like a choir,  
goes recklessly, investigates, ignores  
more shells and hills than we have docks and laws.

PATRICK ANDERSON





Design for a palace (the original drawing is nine feet long): one of many made by Robert Adam during his travels in Italy and Dalmatia from 1754 to 1758

## The Adam Style

By JOHN SUMMERSON

THE Adam drawings now at Kenwood represent only a small selection from the 8,000 which belong to Sir John Soane's Museum and which have been preserved there ever since its founder acquired them in 1833. But these 100-odd drawings make an exhibition of an unusual kind and represent the architecture of Robert and James Adam in most convenient epitome. I can think of no better way of getting a general idea of the Adam achievement as a whole than by studying these drawings, hung in a house which is largely Adam work and which contains one of the finest Adam rooms in existence.

I say the Adam achievement 'as a whole'. Too often the art of the brothers is thought of as something to do with ceilings, fire-places, fan-lights, and very little else. They were certainly great decorators, and it happens that most of their major undertakings were decorative installations in existing houses. That is the case at Syon and Osterley and even at Kenwood where the familiar facade to the park is really a thin slice of Adam art planked on to an early-eighteenth-century carcase. But decorating was not all the essence of the Adams' approach to architecture. From the beginning they equipped themselves as monumental designers: they thought big and thought in the round, and it was only force of circumstances which cornered them, as it were, in saloons and dining-rooms, in the minutiae of fire-

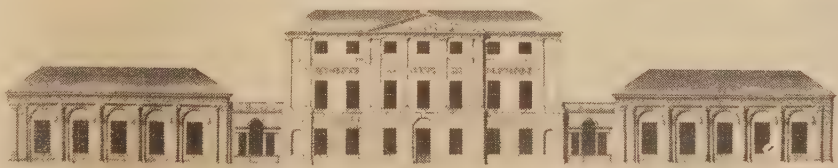
places, furniture, and table-silver. You have only to look at No. 1 in the exhibition—a drawing by Robert, nine feet long, of a perfectly colossal palace of Babylonian extravagance—to see how big and bold, how arrogantly comprehensive, was the Adam approach at the very outset of their careers.

I am chiefly concerned here with the Adams' approach to architecture and the creation of what we very reasonably call the 'Adam style'. These brothers came from Scotland and in every sense they descended upon English architecture. I do not believe there was ever the slightest doubt in their minds that they were going to be the architects, that they were going to take full charge of the architectural situation in Britain. Which, after all, is very nearly what they did: if it had not been for Sir William Chambers, who entered architecture at the same moment with equal advantages and with exactly the same idea in his head, the Adam dominion would surely have been absolute.

The situation in English architecture of the seventeenth-fifties, when the Adams came on the scene, was such as to provoke an attitude of this kind. It was monotonously and overpoweringly dull. The grand old leaders of the Palladian movement — Campbell, Burlington, Kent, Leoni — had all vanished by 1753. Gibbs, that happy individualist, died in 1754. The leading official architect was Flitcroft; and neither



Robert Adam's original design for Kenwood House (1768)—



—and the design as executed



he, nor Carr of York, nor Sir Robert Taylor, the City man, nor even the accomplished James Paine, had anything at all original to say. All were repeating and confirming. English architecture, in short, was in the dumps, landed there by the Palladian dogma and by the stream of text-books and pattern-books which had, in thirty-five years, inculcated that dogma with grinding thoroughness.

It was the moment, as the Adams divined, for revolution. But what was the new direction to be? Instinctively, they reacted against the full-blooded but rather philistine eclecticism of their eminent father. (Old William Adam, the most successful Scottish architect of his time, had been anything but a purist.) And their reaction drove them first to the staccato Palladianism of Burlington and Kent. John, the eldest son, seems to have been trying to tidy up the family style in this direction before his father's death; after that event he became a laird and we hear no more of his architecture. It was Robert, the second son, who was the driving force, the man of genius. James, the fashionable, indolent James (of whom a most delightful newly discovered portrait has been lent to the exhibition) followed Robert closely. There was a fourth brother, William, but he plays a very minor part in the Adam story.

Robert was the man, and Robert saw that neither William Kent nor any other English precedent was going to take him far. The conquest of London could never be effected from Edinburgh direct. The route lay *via* Paris and Rome, and this meant the Grand Tour. Fortunately, the Grand Tour presented no difficulties. The Adams were prosperous gentlefolk, and there was no question of hiking it across Europe or cadging the patronage of dilettante noblemen in Rome. Robert travelled like a gentleman. Moreover, he acted the patron, procuring the services of Clérissieu in Paris and taking him as far as Nîmes — Clérissieu, the draughtsman and designer who played so important a part in the early phases of neo-classicism. Then, in Italy, Adam's arrogant masterful attitude is again evident. Not for him the studious submission to the standard ruins—the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Temples and Baths—those he already knew from the books. Far more intriguing were the almost unrecorded fragments of imperial palaces and tombs, with rich decoration in paint and stucco still clinging to the walls.

Those things raised a question in his mind. What were Roman houses and palaces really like? Were they really decorated as Englishmen were decorating their halls—with columns like those of the Roman temples or the theatre of Marcellus? Of course they were not. Had not Raphael and his school shown how antique decoration could be revived and applied to modern buildings? And might not further enquiry reveal much more that was valuable in the way of evidence about domestic design in antiquity? Domestic design in antiquity: this stimulating idea sent Adam across the Adriatic to what was then called Spafatro and is now called Split, and where still stand the ruins of Diocletian's palace. Clérissieu rejoined him for this adventure and with two draughtsmen they surveyed the remains of the palace, the results eventually appearing in the splendid folio, a copy of which is now displayed at Kenwood. Back in Rome in 1757, Adam seems to have turned again from archaeology to design, producing project after project for fantastic, intricately planned palaces. There are books full of them at the Soane, but the most striking is the peculiarly impossible palace-design I have mentioned: it is a design which shows most plainly one great influence on Adam's development at this time, that of the architect-archaeologist-etcher and man of vision, Giambattista Piranesi. If old William Adam began his son's architectural education, it may fairly be said that Piranesi completed it. When Robert arrived home in 1758 he was equipped with no ordinary training.

There, in brief, is the background of the Adam enterprise. It has, in itself, a sweeping novelty. Here, for the first time, was a man brought up in the world of architecture who was, none the less, a gentleman by birth and estate and who could therefore adopt a certain lordliness towards the whole business of building and yet be completely the professional. He held all the cards. He was able, as I have said, to descend upon the profession with an assurance, partly temperamental, partly the gift of a momentary historic situation, which carried everything before it.

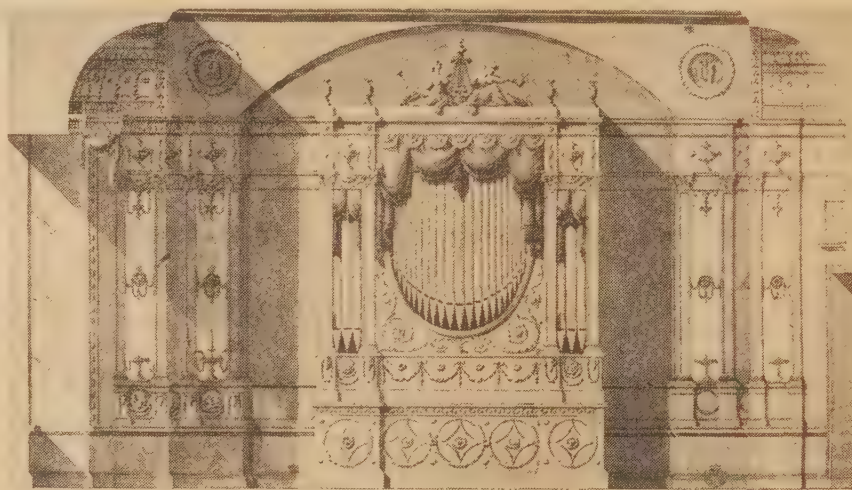
Where did all this preparation lead? There are at Kenwood one or two designs as early as 1760, only a couple of years after Robert Adam's return from his tour, and they show him already breathing a considerable degree of novelty into established tradition. Then come two drawings for Syon House: first, one for the great hall, 1761, in which there are unexpected references to *cinquecento* design; secondly, one for the gallery, 1764. The gallery at Syon may, I think, possibly be the place where the Adam style was actually initiated. This room presented to its designer a rather special challenge and elicited a correspondingly original response. Structurally, Syon is a Jacobean house. The gallery, therefore, in its proportions, is a Jacobean long gallery—almost like a corridor. A room of this kind could not be treated in the classical spirit in which Adam was remodelling the rest of

the Syon interiors. The only way Adam saw of dealing with it was to subdivide the walls into a series of classically proportioned bays or compartments, each alternate section being a three-unit bay, of the kind originating in the triumphal arch.

The early drawing now at Kenwood shows this scheme as first designed, with a neat little Corinthian order surmounted by its full entablature (*i.e.*, the set of mouldings which grammatically belongs over a Corinthian column), and it is all pretty enough, this long perspective of Corinthian triplets with pauses between. But Adam seems to have said to himself, in effect, 'this

is all very well, but we can't pretend it's serious classical architecture, and in the circumstances this Corinthian is altogether too solemn—let's have a game with it. Let's do what a Roman *might* have done'. So, in the executed design, everything is slightly changed. The entablature contracts itself into a delicate little frieze and cornice hard up against the ceiling. The Corinthian pilasters become thin strips of enrichment—strips in tension rather than supporting elements; and everything else in the design weaves into the new, light-hearted, linear pattern. The gallery 'was finished', says Adam, 'in a style to afford great variety and amusement'. It was finished in that style which we think of as being the peculiar creation of Robert Adam, a style which is a carefully balanced pattern of verticals and horizontals, with a lacy, racy accompaniment of arabesque ornament painted or in relief, a style gay, delicate, and rich, but never without a strict underlying discipline. The gallery at Syon is one of the most serene, one of the gentlest and most persuasive rooms I have ever been in. The space is the nervous, runaway space of a Jacobean gallery, but it is halted and harmonised by the adroit touch of a classical hand.

The Syon gallery belongs to 1764, when Robert Adam was thirty-six, and that year seems, as I have said, to be the year of birth of the Adam style. The freedom thus acquired soon invests the whole Adam practice, modifying exteriors as well as interiors. Look at Kenwood House itself, built in 1764-68. The first design (not, I am afraid, in the exhibition, though it is reproduced in the guide to the house) is rather ordinary grammatical Corinthian. The executed design (which the drawing shows with all its original ornaments) displays an order of Adam's own, free in detail, in proportion, and in its spacing on the facade. Nearby among the drawings you can see the magnificent



Section of one end of the music room at 20, Portman Square, the London house of the Countess of Home. The design, made in 1775, was executed with slight variations, and the room still exists



Kenwood library, first in a design signed by James Adam in 1764 and then in the infinitely more eloquent Robertson version of 1767-68. And this you can compare with the interiors of great town houses like 20 Portman Square, interiors which mark the very peak of Adam accomplishment.

I wish I could deal more fully here with some of the other things in the exhibition. But Adam was the gayest, the most confident, of English architects; and the drawings, like the works they were prepared

for, cannot possibly be supposed to require much in the way of interpretation. The main thing which stands between us and the kind of people who built these things is that they knew approximately when a Doric or Ionic or Corinthian order was 'correctly' executed and when it was not; we are not always so sure, and so we miss the wit of a variation and the naughtiness of a displaced enrichment. For all that, I rather think that the 'variety and amusement' which Adam claimed for his finishing of the Syon gallery still comes through pretty well.

—Third Programme

## Portraits from Memory—II

# Cambridge Friendships

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

FROM the moment that I went up to Cambridge at the beginning of October, 1890, everything went well with me. All the people then in residence who subsequently became my intimate friends called on me during the first week of term. At the time I did not know why they did so, but I discovered afterwards that Whitehead, who had examined for scholarships, had told people to look out for a man called Sanger and me. Sanger was a freshman like myself, also doing mathematics, and also a minor scholar. Webb, our coach, had a practice of circulating MSS. among his classes, and it fell to my lot to deliver a MS. to Sanger after I had done with it. I had not seen him before, but I was struck by the books on his shelves. I said: 'I see you have Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe* which I think a very good book'. He said: 'You are the first person I have ever met who has heard of it!'

## 'One of the Kindest Men'

From this point the conversation proceeded, and at the end of half an hour we were lifelong friends. We got our Fellowships at the same moment. He was one of the kindest men that ever lived, and in the last years of his life my children loved him as much as I have done. I have never known anyone else with such a perfect combination of penetrating intellect and warm affection. He became a Chancery barrister, and was known in legal circles for his highly erudite edition of Jarman *On Wills*. He used to lament that Jarman's relatives had forbidden him to mention in the preface that Jarman died intestate. He was also a very good economist, and he could read an incredible number of languages, including such out-of-the-way items as Magyar and Finnish. I used to go on walking tours with him in Italy, and he always made me do all the conversation with inn-keepers, but when I was reading Italian, I found that his knowledge of the language was vastly greater than mine. His death in the year 1930 was a great sorrow to me.

The other friends whom I acquired during my first term I owed chiefly to Whitehead's recommendation. Two of my closest friends were Crompton and Theodore Llewelyn Davies. Their father was vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale, and translator of Plato's *Republic* in the Golden Treasury edition. He had a family of six sons and one daughter. It was said, and I believe with truth, that throughout their education the six sons, of whom Crompton and Theodore were the youngest, managed, by means of scholarships, to go through school and university without expense to their father. The ablest and one of the best loved of the family was the youngest, Theodore, with whom, when I first knew them, Crompton shared rooms in college. They both in due course became Fellows, but neither of them became resident. Both of them were able, high-minded, and passionate, and shared, on the whole, the same ideals and opinions.

Theodore had a somewhat more practical outlook on life than Crompton. He became private secretary to a series of Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer, each of whom in turn he converted to Free Trade at a time when the rest of the Government wished them to think otherwise. He worked incredibly hard and yet always found time to give presents to the children of all his friends, and the presents were always exactly appropriate. He inspired the deepest affection in almost everybody who knew him. I never knew but one woman who would not have been delighted to marry him. She, of course, was the only woman he wished to marry. In the spring of 1905, when he

was thirty-four, his dead body was found in a pool near Kirkby Lonsdale, where he had evidently bathed on his way to the station. It was supposed that he must have hit his head on a rock in diving.

One of my earliest memories of Crompton is of meeting him in the darkest part of a winding college staircase and his suddenly quoting, without any previous word, the whole of 'Tyger, Tyger, burning bright'. I had never, till that moment, heard of Blake, and the poem affected me so much that I became dizzy and had to lean against the wall.

What made Crompton at the same time so admirable and so delightful was not his ability, but his strong loves and hates, his fantastic humour, and his rock-like honesty. He was one of the wittiest men that I have ever known; with a great love of mankind combined with a contemptuous hatred for most individual men. He had by no means the ways of a saint. Once, when we were both young, I was walking with him in the country, and we trespassed over a corner of a farmer's land. The farmer came running out after us, shouting and red with fury. Crompton held his hand to his ear, and said, with the utmost mildness: 'Would you mind speaking a little louder? I'm rather hard of hearing'. The farmer was reduced to speechlessness in the endeavour to make more noise than he was already making. He was addicted to extreme shabbiness in his clothes, to such a degree that some of his friends expostulated. This had an unexpected result. When West Australia attempted by litigation to secede from the Commonwealth of Australia, his law firm was employed, and it was decided that the case should be heard in the King's Robing Room. Crompton was overheard ringing up the King's Chamberlain and saying: 'The unsatisfactory state of my trousers has lately been brought to my notice. I understand that the case is to be heard in the King's Robing Room. Perhaps the King has left an old pair of trousers that might be useful to me'.

## The Shy Philosopher

Another friend of my Cambridge years was McTaggart, the philosopher, who was even shyer than I was. I heard a knock on my door one day—a very gentle knock. I said 'Come in', but nothing happened. I said 'Come in' louder. The door opened, and I saw McTaggart standing on the mat. He was already President of the Union, and about to become a Fellow, and inspired me with awe on account of his metaphysical reputation, but he was too shy to come in, and I was too shy to ask him to come in. I cannot remember how many minutes this situation lasted, but somehow or other he was at last in the room. After that I used frequently to go to his breakfasts, which were famous for their lack of food; in fact, anybody who had been once, brought an egg with him on every subsequent occasion. McTaggart was a Hegelian, and at that time still young and enthusiastic. He had a great intellectual influence upon my generation, though in retrospect I do not think it was a very good one. For two or three years, under his influence, I was a Hegelian. Although after 1898 I no longer accepted McTaggart's philosophy, I remained fond of him until an occasion during the first war, when he asked me no longer to come and see him because he could not bear my opinions. He followed this up by taking a leading part in having me turned out of my lectureship.

Two other friends whom I met in my early days in Cambridge, and retained ever since, were Lowes Dickinson and Roger Fry. Dickinson was a man who inspired affection by his gentleness and pathos. When



he was a Fellow and I was still an undergraduate, I became aware that I was liable to hurt him by my somewhat brutal statement of unpleasant truths, or what I thought to be such. States of the world which made me caustic only made him sad, and to the end of his days, whenever I met him, I was afraid of increasing his unhappiness by too stark a realism. But perhaps realism is not quite the right word. What I really mean is the practice of describing things which one finds almost unendurable in such a repulsive manner as to cause others to share one's fury. He told me once that I resembled Cordelia, but it cannot be said that he resembled King Lear.

For a long time I supposed that somewhere in the university there were really clever people whom I had not yet met, and whom I should at once recognise as my intellectual superiors, but during my second year, I discovered that I already knew all the cleverest people in the university. This was a disappointment to me. In my third year, however, I met G. E. Moore, who was then a freshman, and for some years he fulfilled my ideal of genius. He was in those days beautiful and slim, with a look almost of inspiration, and with an intellect as deeply passionate as Spinoza's. He had a kind of exquisite purity. I have never but once succeeded in making him tell a lie, and that was by a subterfuge. 'Moore', I said, 'do you *always* speak the truth?' 'No', he replied. I believe this to be the only lie he has ever told.

Moore, like me, was influenced by McTaggart, and was for a short time a Hegelian. But he emerged more quickly than I did, and it was largely his conversation that led me to abandon both Kant and Hegel. In spite of his being two years younger than me, he greatly influenced my philosophical outlook. One of the pet amusements of all Moore's friends was to watch him trying to light a pipe. He would light a match, and then begin to argue, and continue until the match burnt his fingers. Then he would light another, and so on, until the box was finished. This was no doubt fortunate for his health, as it provided moments during which he was not smoking.

Then there were the three brothers Trevelyan. Charles was the eldest. Bob, the second, was my special friend. He became a very scholarly poet. When he was young he had a delicious whimsical humour. Once,

when we were on a reading party in the Lakes, Eddie Marsh, having overslept himself, came down in his night-shirt to see if breakfast was ready, looking frozen and miserable. Bob christened him 'Cold white shape', and this name stuck to him for a long time. George Trevelyan, the historian, was considerably younger than Bob, but I got to know him well later on. He and Charles were terrific walkers. Once when I went on a walking tour with George in Devonshire, I made him promise to be content with twenty-five miles a day. He kept his promise, but at the end of the last day he left me, saying that now he must have a little walking.

Bob Trevelyan was, I think, the most bookish person that I have ever known. What is in books appeared to him interesting, whereas what is only real life was negligible. Like all the family, he had a minute knowledge of the strategy and tactics concerned in all the great battles of the world, so far as these appear in reputable books of history. But I was staying with him during the crisis of the battle of the Marne, and as it was Sunday we could only get a newspaper by walking two miles. He did not think the battle sufficiently interesting to be worth it, because battles in mere newspapers are vulgar. I once devised a test question which I put to many people to discover whether they were pessimists. The question was 'If you had the power to destroy the world, would you do so?' I put the question to him, and he replied: 'What? Destroy my library—never!' He was always discovering new poets and reading their poems out aloud, but he always began deprecatingly: 'This is not one of his best poems'. Once, when he mentioned a new poet to me, and said he would like to read me some of his things, I said: 'Yes, but don't read me a poem which it not one of his best'. This stumped him completely, and he put the volume away.

As a set, we were earnest, hard-working, and intellectually adventurous. In spite of rather solemn ambitions, we had lots of fun and thoroughly enjoyed life, and we never got in the way of each other's individualities. We formed friendships that remained important through life, and a surprising number of us remained true to our early beliefs. It was a generation that I am glad to have belonged to.

—Home Service

## The New Policy in Eastern Germany

(continued from page 327)

nobody there at all. When they penetrated the fastnesses of the last club on their list, the two young people found three old women watching their husbands playing volley-ball. 'Is there going to be a dance this evening', they asked. 'No', replied one of the old women, 'tonight is the meeting of the local co-operative'. Husband and wife walked sadly home in the twilight; they had found no club life and no dancing. 'Typical or not', said the wife, 'there's something wrong here'. *Neues Deutschland* agreed with her. 'Our youth clubs', it says, 'should be the centre of a happy, cheerful, gay community life'.

This search for gaiety and cheerfulness is reflected in the attempt of east German fashion designers to produce brighter and more tasteful clothes for women. Even before the announcement of the Government's new policy, the communist authorities recognised the desire of women behind the Iron Curtain to dress smartly and well. They created, therefore, the Institute for Clothing Culture, whose responsibility it is to design model gowns and suits for the women of the Soviet zone. In the past few weeks, the big wholesale clothing manufacturers of east Berlin have given a series of dress shows for the retail trade. At one of the shows mannequins displayed some seventy models whose designs had been influenced by the new institute. A woman fashion reporter of the *Berliner Zeitung* was invited to attend. She was very critical. 'Very few of the dresses I saw', she wrote, 'can be described as very good'. She described the autumn fashions as dull. 'The ideas are so few and so repetitive, one might almost speak of uniforms', she remarks regretfully. Her only good word is for the maternity gowns. These she described as eminently practical; but her verdict on the dresses for little girls and on the new baby clothes is short and sharp. 'Unbelievably tasteless', she reports.

But even if under the new policy in eastern Germany women are permitted to compete with their western sisters in the realm of smartness and chic, their brothers, boy-friends, and husbands must stick to sober clothing. *Young World*, the newspaper of the Communist Youth

Organisation, says that the wearing of gaily-coloured, heavily patterned bush shirts should be banned. 'Those who wear such shirts with cowboy scarves knotted round their necks', the newspaper declared severely, 'will fall an easy victim to the wiles of American agitators'.

And so it goes on, the endless round of self-criticism about the comparatively unimportant. As the Leipzig factory-hand remarked: 'Lavatories: yes; political prisoners: no'. The people of the Soviet zone can choose whether to listen to the radio or not, whether to read the newspapers and whether to go to the cinema or to the opera. They can complain about the quality of the clothes they wear, and of the things they buy. They can, in fact, demand a fuller cultural life and better economic conditions, but they cannot ask that their Government resign, nor can they criticise the political policy of the Socialist Unity Party. After the earthquake of the June riots, the Prime Minister, Herr Grötewohl, told the east Germans: 'We are not going to resign, although this might appear to be the simplest and easiest course'. 'Resignation', he went on, 'will not solve the problems we are facing'. The Socialist Unity Party has now declared that its policy of socialist construction has always been right in principle; such mistakes as were made were marginal. The new policy in eastern Germany, therefore, is not a retreat from communism—it is a new method of achieving communism's unalterable aims.

—General Overseas Service

The Hansard Society has published a second edition of its symposium on *The British Party System*, edited by Sydney D. Bailey (12s. 6d.). The *Good Society* consists of seven lectures delivered at Oxford in 1952; the lectures were organised by the Conservative Political Centre, and the price is 2s. 6d. Viscount Simon's Romanes Lecture given at Oxford in May, on *Crown and Commonwealth*, has been published by the Clarendon Press at 2s. *South Africa Today*, by Alan Paton, is a pamphlet published by the Lutterworth Press (1s. 6d.).



## Toleration—V

## Conditions of Tolerance

By Rabbi LEO BAECK

**T**OLERATION, neutrality, and sound common sense are psychologically related to one another. They are all based on a sense for what is essential, a sense of proportion and importance, a sense for what does and does not matter. On this sense depends a clear understanding of your way and purpose, and therefore true and lasting achievement. And, further, by this sense is conditioned all real seriousness, both taking things seriously and being taken seriously. If we try to share in mind and spirit in everything that goes on in the land, or even in the whole world, if we try to approve or disapprove of *everything*, then our thoughts and feelings and opinions can quickly lose their significance, for ourselves as well as for others. It is only when trivialities are recognised for what they are that there is room for great things to unfold properly in our lives. It is a strength of the English character that it possesses this sense of proportion, this common sense. And perhaps it was a specially common defect of German character that people treated trivial and secondary matters in the style and with the passion proper to deep questions of *Weltanschauung*; so when a really important issue arose there was scarcely any room, scarcely any seriousness, left for it. This was often the beginning of intolerance.

## The Holy Place

Again, every man—at least every man whose thoughts and feelings have not atrophied or silted up—has his own inner possession, which belongs to him alone, his holy place, which has been given to him, or which he has won for himself. But this personal and holy possession can persist only if it retains its sanctity. This special possession must not be dragged into every trivial occasion. A deep conviction would gradually become superficial. Something that was once spoken with the whole heart and soul would become idle chatter. Faith, inner certainty, cannot so to speak be continually handed out in small change. Intolerance often grows from quarrels about peripheral matters conducted with an excitement and passion which should properly belong only to the great central questions. A man's sense of his own holy things has a chastity of its own, and it produces chastity. So he will only approach with a kind of inner trembling the place where he suspects the presence of another man's sanctities. Intolerance is basically unchastity.

A sense of tolerance has developed only very gradually in the modern world. It was a great advance when the right to believe differently, to be a dissenter, was given its first legal expression in the Glorious Revolution. Where this was established as an axiom, it was the state which became the great school of tolerance. Religious societies and political parties whose principles really demanded the negation of one another, learned to live together in a single historical unity, almost in a single unity of destiny. There was no longer any effort made to give explicit utterance to basic axioms or final consequences. But people were careful to avoid the chronic state of making a fundamental decision upon every question. Psychologically the beginning was a kind of armistice of unlimited duration. Then there followed an unwritten non-aggression pact, and men came to value the economy of strength which resulted from this. The tolerance which developed in this way was at first merely negative, mere aloofness. But it is a psychological law in moral growth that from the root of 'Thou shalt not' there grows 'Thou shalt', and this is the fulfilment of 'Thou shalt not'.

So this negative tolerance grows into positive tolerance. First you grow accustomed to treating the other, that is the man who believes and thinks differently, not as any enemy who has to be constantly, or even occasionally, attacked; and then the way is open to trying to understand him. Then we begin to learn to approach him, to let him look into our own heart, so that he in his turn gradually opens a door into his heart. The inner motives of ourselves and of the other man come to light, and we begin to speak from heart to heart. And then one day we realise how much we have in common. We begin to acknowledge his life, to appreciate him, and we find that we can scarcely appreciate ourselves unless we honourably appreciate him, or at least something in him. It is this sense of something in common, and the resultant

appreciation of the other as something that is inseparable from a true appreciation of ourselves, which is true and complete and positive tolerance. Our understanding of him becomes a knowledge of what binds us to one another, and from this knowledge there grows a sense of likeness, even of identity of human dignity, in him and in us. We learn that the two cannot be separated.

## Finding Oneself in Another

Each man retains his personal convictions from which he neither wishes nor ought to depart. The content of each man's faith and conviction and hope is different, and it may even be definitely opposed to the other. But the ground, as it were, in his heart where this faith and conviction and hope grow, and where they draw their best and purest strength, is related and similar to the other, perhaps even identical. For the genuine and honourable qualities, the devotion and the loyalty, which struggle for expression in the one as in the other, are the same in spite of their opposition. It becomes possible to find oneself in the other, perhaps to find oneself anew; you find yourself again in him. True self-respect is awakened by a respect for the other. So we reach a new inner certainty and freedom by this kind of positive and free tolerance.

It is only in this inner freedom that we are in a position to confess ourselves truly, that is, to disclose our innermost real life. That first tolerance which was based on aloofness, on keeping our distance—and which was an important beginning—necessarily called a halt before the most profound levels of our life. For this most profound and personal part of our life there was an agreement (tacit or explicit) of complete silence. You feared to confess what was nearest your heart, lest it should hurt the other, and so cut the bonds which bound you to him. You often behaved as if the distinctive thing, the special characteristic of this man and the community he represented, in actual fact did not exist. The great danger of this, of course, is that you overlook and miss the essential thing. You have the impression that you just do not look one another in the face. You can become so accustomed to being silent about the decisive difference between you that you meet only to avoid what is best and most real. The feeling can arise that the whole truth between men does not need to count, and even should not count.

## Inner Freedom

That is why it is so important, so necessary for moral progress, that in the long run tolerance should not just be mere reserve or aloofness, but should rise into inner freedom. Those last and most real questions should also, most of all, be exposed openly and in their whole, undiminished significance, with that love for truth which is essential for true self-respect and respect for the other. This is demanded even by the great law of love of the other. This does not mean that the aloofness of which I have spoken is not still necessary in its proper place. For you must not make those inmost and deepest things into a subject of everyday chat and therefore of chatter. They must always remain extraordinary and holy. But in their own time, when the need is there, they must come forth, and then they must be clear and unambiguous. It is each man's task to be ready to give himself to the great whole, that is, to give his best and most real life. And it is his duty, which he ought not to avoid, to show openly and freely what his faith and certainty and confidence really are. The community which is created by such a readiness is strong and enduring; it will prove its worth in difficult hours.

There is a lively hope today that a European community, and a community of east and west, can be created. In this hope, too, the beginning must be with that first tolerance, with its sense of proportion, and its economy of forces, both spiritual and material. But the great task which is set by free and positive tolerance should always be kept in view—the tolerance, I mean, which discloses and appreciates what is characteristic and special to the other, and which both shows and demands respect. Inner freedom on both sides will meet in this kind of tolerance. They will go into the future together, true to themselves and to one another.—*Third Programme*



# NEWS DIARY

August 19-25

## Wednesday, August 19

The Government of Dr. Moussadeq is overthrown by troops supporting the Shah of Persia

U.N. Political Committee resumes debate on political conference on Korea. Mr. Vyshinsky asks for a 'round-table' conference

French Government approves M. Laniel's decision not to negotiate with strikers until they have returned to work

## Thursday, August 20

Teheran Radio announces that Dr. Moussadeq has been arrested

The Sultan of Morocco is sent into exile in Corsica

Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan end their talks on Kashmir

Pravda announces that the Soviet Union has carried out a test on the hydrogen bomb

## Friday, August 21

Many French strikers ordered back to work by their unions

American delegates to U.N. General Assembly announce their intention of voting against the inclusion of India in Korean peace conference

New Sultan of Morocco enthroned at Fez

## Saturday, August 22

Minister of Supply makes statement about progress in developing guided rockets

New Italian Government wins vote of confidence in Senate

Appeal Court for East Africa reverses decision of Kenya Supreme Court quashing conviction of Jomo Kenyatta

## Sunday, August 23

General Erskine, Commander-in-Chief East Africa, announces that surrender terms are being offered to Mau Mau terrorists in Kenya

The Soviet Union promises a number of concessions to east Germany

Edinburgh Festival opens

## Monday, August 24

South Korean Foreign Minister attacks idea of Indian representation at peace conference. Chinese Prime Minister broadcasts on his attitude to peace conference

Dr. Moussadeq is imprisoned in Teheran

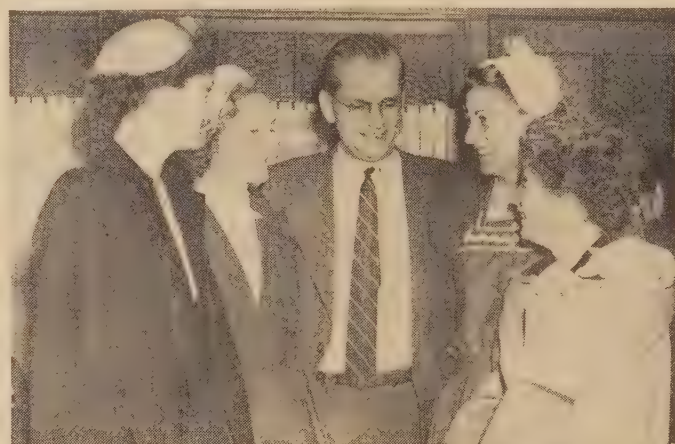
## Tuesday, August 25

Representation of India at Korean peace conference discussed at meeting of U.N. Political Committee

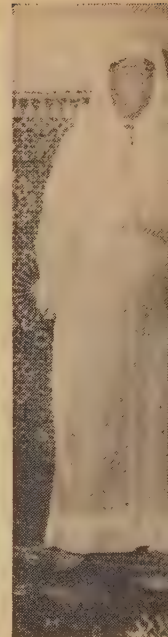
General Zahedi states that new Persian Government will 'move cautiously' on question of resuming diplomatic relations with Britain



*Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef (with dark glasses) the Sultan of Morocco who last week was sent into exile by the French, arriving in Corsica where he is to live. The French Government stated that it had become impossible for them to uphold the Sultan without risking civil war in the protectorate*



*Mr. Edgar Sanders, who was recently released from imprisonment in Hungary, photographed with his wife and three daughters on arrival in London on August 20. He had served three years of a thirteen-year sentence on charges of spying*



*The new Sultan Ben Mouley Arafat photographed after his arrival at Fez, the throne on August 21 at Fez, the throne*



*Jubilant crowds surround English team as they march at the end of the last August 19 when they won 10 wickets. It is twenty years since the team first won the Ashes*

*Left: the great gallery of London. The house, which has been repaired after the war, has been opened to the public on Saturday*





...occo, Sidi Mohammed  
...of the deposed Sultan),  
...throne on August  
...l northern capital. On  
...of his sons



Supporters of the Shah of Persia rejoicing outside the royal palace, Teheran, after the Shah's return to his country on August 22. Three days earlier, a counter-revolution by forces loyal to the Shah had overthrown Dr. Mous-sadeq's Government



Barges on the Canal St. Martin, Paris, held up at the lock-gates owing to the strike of lock-keepers. Last week-end there was a slight improvement in the French strike situation: the postal workers returned to duty and a few more main-line trains left Paris



...members of the victorious  
...r way to the pavilion  
...Match at the Oval on  
...the Australians by eight  
...England last regained



Trerice, a sixteenth-century manor at St. Newlyn East, near Newquay, Cornwall, which has been acquired by the National Trust. It is hoped to open the house to visitors next year



...ster House, St. James's,  
...s damaged during the  
...erated and is to be open  
...undays from August 29



Some of the 26,000 lambs in the annual lamb sale at Lairg, Sutherland last week

Left: the 'Victor', Britain's new crescent-wing jet bomber, which was on view for the first time last week, taking off on a demonstration flight from Radlett aerodrome on August 18



# The Practice of the Presence of God

The first of four talks by Canon V. A. DEMANT

**M**EN have sought God in various ways. They have peered out and looked for the mystery behind the universe, or they have experienced the movement of His Spirit in public worship. They have listened to His voice in Holy Scriptures, and Christians have found Him through faith in His saving acts in Christ. By such searchings they have often overcome the doubts raised by unanswerable questions and by inexplicable evils.

## Looking Downward and Inward

We may say that in these ways men have looked outward and upward. But religion has always been at its strongest when these ways have been reinforced by another, namely, the way of looking downward and inward through the depths of their own being. This way of the inner life has a long history in the great religions of the world. Christians have adopted it, and found through it the same God who speaks to them in the Bible and the Church and, after a tested faith, even in nature and history. Those who have trodden this way have learnt a kind of certainty of God's action and being which remains steadfast whatever their situation and circumstance or the ups and downs of life; especially have they found a steady conviction that does not collapse in personal misfortune or world terror. For this way leads to an assurance that is carried into every turn of life because it is not formed by what happens to one. In these talks I am going to give you an outline of this way of the inner life as I have learned something of it myself by practice and with the guidance of some of its greatest teachers in the Christian tradition of spirituality.

I have called it the 'practice of the presence of God'. I can tell you something about the path and goal—mostly the goal. But I cannot take you there. That will be a matter of practice, as our title suggests. If you decide to try it yourself, you will have to learn from those who know it best, and I hope to introduce you to a few of them. From one I have borrowed the title itself. He is Brother Lawrence, a seventeenth-century lay brother, who had been a soldier and a footman, and was mainly occupied in the kitchen of his community. If you are a complete beginner in this subject you can hardly find a better introduction than Brother Lawrence's *The Practice of the Presence of God*. This is where it got him to:

He had been lately sent into Burgundy, to buy the provision of wine for the society, which was a very unwelcome task for him, because he had no turn for business and because he was lame, and could not go about the boat but by rolling himself over the casks. However, he gave himself no uneasiness about it, nor about the purchase of the wine. He said to God, it was His business he was about, and afterwards found it very well performed.

His colleagues observed that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he was never hasty or loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. How did he manage that? He tells us:

The time of business does not with me differ from the time of prayer, and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were upon my knees at the Blessed Sacrament.

Notice the language: he speaks of possessing God, and this expresses a presence deeper than feeling and deeper than knowledge. In fact he knows that presence even when his thought is not on God, and he prays that this condition may be recovered when he is likely to lose it. 'O my God, since Thou art with me, and I must now in obedience to Thy commands apply my mind to these outward things, I beseech Thee to grant me the grace to continue in Thy presence'. Most of us will find it difficult at first to grasp the meaning of a possession, or a presence, unless it is an object of our feeling or our thought. But we shall have to learn to grasp it if we are to understand or to follow what the masters of the prayer life have to teach. So I am spending the rest of this talk on this kind of certainty of God as a fact.

The essence of this kind of certainty is that the relation of the human creature to God is one of existence, not primarily one of

consciousness in the ordinary meaning of consciousness. Of course, in a very special sense it can become an experience with a kind of awareness of its own. It is the purpose of discipline in the prayer life—with its phases of meditation, contemplation, and the way of union—to reach this kind of knowing God as the ground of existence; and we find that it can be reached only by the eventual breakdown of the more familiar processes of knowing. But this is going a step ahead. Let us return and just confront the assurance of the spiritual guides that God is the ground of our existence and only so can He become the object of our search. The two kinds of presence, in existence and experience, are mentioned by St. Paul in his sermon to the men of Athens recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In his effort to convert them to the Christian faith he begins with a belief those highly sophisticated Greeks would presumably share with him, and then he will show that the unknown God whom they worshipped was now made known in Jesus Christ. The common ground from which he starts is what their own poets have declared, namely that in God 'we live and move and have our being'. Perhaps the original Greek could be more forcefully rendered 'in Him we live and act and are'. And then notice that St. Paul makes this existential basis, to use a term rather popular nowadays, the reason why they should 'seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us'.

This is a kind of paradox. God is the ground of our existence and yet men have to seek after Him. But there are analogies to this seemingly odd situation in our ordinary experience. We live by a number of things we are not aware of except under specialised conditions. We breathe the air and we do not know it until it blows on our face or we deliberately fill our lungs, or suffer from want of it; our digestions work without being an object of our consciousness until, I am sorry to say, they work badly. And what about all that parents or society do for us? We are unconscious of much of that until a crisis jolts us into awareness. So it is not adding to the mystery of God's existence at the root of ours to say that He is always present though we have to take certain steps to know it. There are obstacles to be overcome.

But before I get to that in a later talk, let us listen to one or two other teachers on this point of God as the ground of our being. Here is Jan Ruysbroeck, the Flemish writer of the fourteenth century, using rather more philosophical language than Brother Lawrence or St. Paul. In a work called *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*, or in a more recent translation, *The Spiritual Espousals* (book two) he writes:

The unity of our spirit has two modes, one essential and the other active. You should know that the spirit [he is talking of course of the spirit of man], according to its essential existence, receives the coming of Christ in its bare nature, without intermediary and without interruption. For this essence and life which we are in God, in our eternal image and which we have in ourselves according to essential existence, are without intermediary and inseparable . . . And this is why the spirit possesses God essentially in its bare nature, and God the spirit . . . And this unity [of essence] is above time and conditions and works always without interruption according to the mode of God.

## Man a 'Spirit-centred Being'

At this point I want to make a digression arising out of Ruysbroeck's use of the word 'spirit' for the human spirit. Unless we grasp that man as man is a spirit-centred being, and that this does not by itself make him good or holy or godly, we shall not understand what these teachers are getting at. I admit that in the phrase 'Christian spirituality', it is suggested that to be spiritual is to be godly, but when we are talking about the spirit of man we are referring to that which makes him man. When we say 'spirituality' we are thinking of something that happens to the human spirit. In this sense 'spirituality' does not refer to any and every manifestation of the human spirit, for that would make it cover almost every activity of the human being. It is rather the submission of the human spirit to the Holy Spirit that we are considering here. Perhaps it might be



better to call this by the old term 'piety' but that word has degenerated in meaning, so we cannot use it. But it would be well always to remember that the self-centred and grasping life—which is the opposite of Christian spirituality—is a spiritual activity, though it is a false and deadening one. And you may note that St. Paul, in the first Corinthians (chapter two) distinguishes clearly between the spirit of man which is both good and bad and the Holy Spirit of God who can take possession of the human spirit and make it godly. We should notice, too, that the impiety of the modern world—its religious and cosmic impiety—is not a form of materialism but rather an expression of spiritual self-assertiveness. Therefore let us be clear that in the phrase 'Christian spirituality' we are using the word spiritual in the sense of godly, converted, surrendered to the Holy Spirit. And when we talk about the spirit of man it is about his nature not his virtues we are speaking.

While I am uttering warnings, let me enlarge a moment on the importance of the adjective 'Christian' in considering the cultivation of the inner life. There are countless schools and systems of spiritual exercise which do not bring men to confront the living God of the Bible of whom Jesus Christ is the Eternal Word. Spiritual is not synonymous with Christian, and the training of the soul in Christian faith requires as much weaning and purging from 'spiritual' movements in general as from vital urges and entanglement with things. In fact the tendency to deify man's own spiritual excitements is one of the most subtle and deceptive forms of idolatry. In Christian training of the soul, the achievements of the human spirit's self-expressive powers are therefore broken down over and over again, precisely in order that the man of faith may know God and not mistake his own spiritual vibrations for the divine action.

On this account, the Christian deepening of the inner life has the painful and humbling task of testing the movements of the human spirit by God's action towards man as found in the New Testament and in the new Israel of the Christian Church. It is fatally easy to clothe our own spiritual desires in the language of the Christian revelation, while remaining entirely within the circle of self-centred religiousness, unopen to the word and touch of the Eternal God.

No, the reality to which we penetrate in the exercise of the inner life—or, rather, the reality from which we are open to penetration—is the living God revealed in the Bible by His saving acts, and who is made manifest in Jesus the Christ, God the Son, the divine principle of creation and redemption. For it is He who takes us over the boundary which separates the Creator from His creation and puts us in the way of awareness of His being and nature.

I said this was a digression, but it was necessary so that when we find the spiritual writers speaking of God as the ground of our existence we learn to see it in a Christian context and do not confuse the human spirit with its divine ground.

Ruysbroeck's language is certainly rather difficult and requires some translation into the better-known language of the Bible and the Church. But it will have to be enough to bring out that Ruysbroeck is here speaking of the presence of God as creator and sustainer of man's

spirit, that which makes him human. (He takes for granted that Christ is the creative principle in the Godhead, as the Prologue of St. John's Gospel does, and the Creed in the words 'by whom all things were made'.) But the point to be emphasised is the presence of God in the existence of man, and not at this stage in his virtue, or religion, or holiness. Ruysbroeck goes on:

This unity makes us neither saints nor blessed, for all men have it in them, the bad as well as the good; but it is the first cause of holiness and bliss; and this is the meeting and unity of God in our spirit, in our bare nature.

So much for what he calls the essential unity of the human with the divine spirit. It corresponds to St. Paul's 'in Him we live and act and are'. And, now, what about the second kind, which he calls the active unity, corresponding to St. Paul's, feeling after and finding God. When Ruysbroeck speaks of this second kind of unity—the active one—he is referring to the movement by which the bare fact of the human spirit being rooted in God becomes the conscious and operative principle of the whole man, directed by the spirit within, which now knows its origin and proper orientation in God. This, says Ruysbroeck, is the work of memory, intelligence, and will. By the use of these in spiritual exercise, actively, we discover the other unity, the unity of essence, which is 'the unity from which we flowed out when we were created, and where we abide according to our essence, and towards which we endeavour to return by love'.

What it comes to is this: the activity of which this writer speaks is a movement by which the presence of God as a bare fact becomes something which can be known by its own method. And that movement is not a kind of reaching out to grasp something that has to be drawn near. It is more like peeling away layer after layer of something in the way. Some of these layers are well known, they are our own sinfulness, our pride, our complacency, and we shall have to see in another talk that the last and most difficult layer to identify and discard is our self-made religion, or the search for God in our own way.

But I want to conclude now by directing your attention to another and more recent teacher of this same truth of God as the ground of our existence. This is William Law, the early eighteenth-century divine in England, best known for his book *A Serious Call*. In a treatise called 'The Spirit of Prayer', William Law writes:

For though God be everywhere present, yet He is only present to thee in the deepest and most central part of thy soul . . . thy inward faculties can only reach after God, but cannot be the place of His habitation in thee. But there is a root or depth in thee from whence all these faculties come forth as lines from a centre or as branches from the body of the tree. This depth is called the centre, the fund or bottom of the soul.

The same theme is found in the simple lay brother, Lawrence, in the theologian, St. Paul, in the philosophic seer, Ruysbroeck, and the evangelical clergyman, William Law; God as the ground of our being.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Moving Mountains

Sir,—In reply to my letter asking for 'chapter and verse' in support of the statement that the application of Christian principles has resulted in the instantaneous cure of cancer, Mr. Peel states that his grandmother, now deceased, was cured in this manner. The letter goes on to give the name and address of a cousin as being a person 'most intimate with the details, names, dates, and circumstances of the case', and also quotes a case recounted by a nurse whose name he cannot now recall.

It is difficult to counter statements put forward in such a sincere but, may I say, somewhat naive manner—obviously one would need to have access to the medical records to be able

to judge in this matter, in the absence of which I would put forward the suggestion that the original diagnosis was in error, and that the lady, although ill, was not in fact suffering from cancer.

I have no wish to score debating points in this discussion, and I am quite willing to concede that in common with all faiths, sincerely held, Christian Science can be of advantage in some cases, to some people. In this connection it might be of interest to relate an instance known to me of a woman who was for years wheeled about in a Bath chair by her husband; upon his death, she rose from the chair, travelled abroad, and is still alive. She had been attended by a doctor, who presumably had warned her

against any exertion on her part, but when, by the death of her husband, she was faced with the necessity of doing something for herself, she was apparently cured. Had she been attended by a Christian Scientist, this would have been claimed as a triumph for the 'Science', when in fact the curative agent was the sheer necessity of fending for herself—in other words, to use a C. S. expression, 'mind over matter'.

If one has the will and desire to believe, it is an easy matter to prove that the east wind is really south, and it is in dealing with human gullibility of this sort that real harm can be done by Christian Science in raising false hopes in the minds of people suffering from diseases not susceptible to this kind of treatment.



I agree with Mr. Williams that *provided a cure can be substantiated*, it is relatively unimportant whether it is instantaneous or otherwise, but on the other hand, the question is whether these cures can be substantiated, and the claim that they are instantaneous cannot fail to raise stronger doubts of the original diagnosis. His claim to have collected fifteen 'reasonably documented' cases since 1843 would appear to be somewhat meagre, and would, I feel sure, compare most unfavourably with the claims of other faith healing adherents, notably the Roman Catholics for Lourdes, and his use of the qualifying 'reasonably' does not evince much certainty for the fifteen cases spread over 110 years.

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that touching upon the credibility or otherwise of Christian Science what Mrs. Baker Eddy says cannot be considered as evidence.—Yours, etc.,  
Portsmouth F. E. HELLIER

Sir,—Mr. Howard Lees (THE LISTENER, August 20) says that the efficacy of spiritual healing can be easily proved by a statistical comparison between groups of patients who are receiving spiritual healing and other groups who are not.

It is not so simple as that, for the reason that spiritual healers cannot get access to medical histories. I have published this year a book containing over 10,000 references to super-normal healings, the majority of which concern patients deemed to be incurable by the medical profession. The laudatory adjective most used in these reports is the word 'miracle', and the people who have used this word most of all are the doctors and surgeons attending the patients.

The onus of proof is not now the responsibility of healers but the medical profession, who alone are in the position to make statistical comparisons.—Yours, etc.,

Guildford

HARRY EDWARDS

### Toleration

Sir,—I wonder why Mr. Binns is so determined to stop Roman Catholics being tolerant when they want to be. At long last, one can detect in the Roman Catholic Church a definite tendency to regret the more blood-stained episodes in its past and to work towards a new and more acceptable attitude towards the problem of Church and state. This (if one may so call it) liberal movement would seem to be growing stronger, but its best friends would admit that it still has far to go. Surely Mr. Binns would be well advised to welcome any signs he may see of such a change of heart, rather than try to force well-meaning Catholics to make a choice between the Inquisition on the one hand and apostasy on the other.

I should be the first to agree with Mr. Binns that Roman Catholic theologians will have a hard job to reconcile toleration with traditional doctrine; but in the past they have had harder jobs to do, and done them. It is a pity that when Father White in his admirable talk took a step towards this very welcome end, he and those who think with him should be embarrassed by a letter which suggests that its author seeks rather to deplore than to encourage any change for the better in the Roman Catholic Church. His attitude can only strengthen the hand of the most reactionary Catholic theologians, and make the position of the more progressive even more delicate than it is already.—Yours, etc.,  
Melrose IAN HAMNETT

Sir,—Mr. Binns is quite right. It is the official view of the Roman Church that it is its duty to persecute when it has the power to do so. But when it is deprived of that power or is itself threatened by persecution, it preaches toleration.

As an eminent ecclesiastic, a convert to Rome

and no mean humorist, has explained: 'When we demand liberty in the modern state, we are appealing to its own principles, not to ours'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

F. J. E. RABY

Sir,—Tolerance practised with conscientious care is a most essential and desirable quality, but if this proviso be lacking it may quickly prove to be a mere misnomer for apathy and indifference, the besetting sins of our age. Shall we compromise with evil? Never let the answer be in doubt.—Yours, etc.,

Malvern

M. OLDFIELD HOWEY

### How's That?

Sir,—Re Mr. Ridley's talk on English as she spoke, I was interested in him referring to the dangers of pedantry and grammatical purism; but having faced up to one side of the question, there is a third alternative that both he and your correspondents seem oblivious to the dangers of. I am averse to being considered a protagonist of pedantry, and have no objection to even splitting an infinitive if you get a different meaning that way to any other, but I would like to start by putting this leading question: what is the most opposite evil than pedantry? It is the slipshod.

If French be the language of precision, English certainly used to be the language of *nuance*; but in our present anxiety to avoid pedantry at all costs, and even educated usage, it looks as if all the finer shades of meaning are going to be ironed out of it. By all means let the language develop; but surely the lines of its development are equally important; and it should be the task of all those who are sensitive to words to help keep it on the right lines, and bring it from the taut and well-figured young person it was three hundred years ago to an equally taut and sophisticated maturity—not to the blowsy, frowsty, half-illiterate matronhood which some of your correspondents would almost seem to prefer in their scorn for the lady's better half, Mr. Pedant.

The discouragement of Mr. Ridley's universal 'to' is one way; and an even more important one is to check the present tendency to confuse pairs of words which once had quite distinct shades of meaning, and make them mere synonyms of one another. In this avoiding of Scylla as well as Charybdis, the B.B.C. can obviously play a big part; and the slipshod English in which its news bulletins are often drafted (to give only one example, the constant use of the word 'start' as nothing but a quite superfluous synonym for 'begin') is much to be deplored.

One reason for the increasingly slipshod English used by educated people is, of course, the comparative rarity now of a classical grounding. To one thus brought up (as I admit without shame that I was) 'different to', 'averse to', 'oblivious to' and the rest, sound not merely wrong but silly. Similarly, to me 'circumstances' means 'surrounding facts'; so that to be 'under' them (which I saw vehemently defended recently in a book on modern English usage) seems pointless. Is this pedantry? If so I prefer it to the slipshod. It makes the language more interesting. The flat level of the universal 'to' is really dreadfully dull.

Some things of course must be governed by individual reactions. To Mr. Ridley, for instance, it is more manly to 'face up to' a difficulty than merely to 'face' it. My own feeling is exactly the opposite. One 'faces' a difficulty fairly and squarely, man to man, on a level; to be always 'facing up to' it implies to me a feeling of inferiority, as if the difficulty were looming above one, swooping down on one like a dive-bomber, putting one at a disadvantage in advance. And the almost universal use nowadays of 'facing up to' seems pathetically significant. Twenty-five years ago this distressing phrase had scarcely been invented.

To compose consistent good English is not easy (I write as one who can recognise it but seldom achieve it). Is it yet another portent of the age of the common man, and fair shares for all, that so many people should now want to make it so by leaving no bad English to write: only pedantry?—Yours, etc.,

Bideford

FRANCIS ILES

Sir,—I read Mr. Ridley's remarks on some phrases in our current speech with great interest, and agreed with most of his conclusions. I was rather surprised, however, at the statement that 'the "to" in English is an indissoluble part of the infinitive'. If this is so, how does Mr. Ridley account for its absence in the following and similar phrases: 'I must go'; 'you can do that'; 'I shan't be here tomorrow'; 'he may not arrive before night'. If 'to' is an indissoluble part of the infinitive, then 'go', 'do', 'be' and 'arrive' are not infinitives in the above phrases. Then what are they? As Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies points out in his very interesting book, *Grammar Without Tears*, the infinitive is quite 'un-splittable', simply because the particle 'to' is not an essential part of it.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.5

C. E. EARL

Sir,—I cannot take Mr. G. Kemsley's letter on this subject seriously. He must be aware that in the examples he quotes 'less' is correct usage because it is followed, in the mind, by a substantive in the singular. For instance, I and everyone else would write: 'I have less [time] than two minutes to spare'; but, I hope no one would write: 'I have less words to say'—however welcome the announcement as a rule. As for hyphens, they are in the melting-pot. So far, no two authorities can agree on an acceptable and rigid rule for their use.

Mr. Ratcliffe's letter reminds me that I once had a postcard from Bernard Shaw acknowledging what he called 'the slip' of making a character in one of his plays say 'different to' instead of 'different from'. Myself, I think Fowler is too tolerant on this point. But no convincing or even plausible defence has ever been set up for 'different than'. Its deliberate use is, in my opinion, almost a certificate of illiteracy. In the past few months I have read over 100 books by Americans and very few of them contain this *locution viciosa*. I therefore cannot agree with Mr. Ratcliffe about its universal use in the United States.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

### The Names of Flowers

Sir,—In Mr. John Moore's talk (THE LISTENER, August 20) there were some fanciful derivations of flower names which any good etymological dictionary will refute. 'Primrose' is not a rose but a folk-corruption of Old French *primerole*, Latin *primula*. 'Gillyflower' is a similar corruption of French *giroflée*, a stock or wallflower, which has never in its history been a 'July-flower'.—Yours, etc.,

Barry

J. H. FRANCIS

### Portraits from Memory

Sir,—Swinburne had a more coloured version than Lord Russell (THE LISTENER, August 20) of the meeting of Tennyson and O.B.—on King's Parade, I think, rather than at a parade of Fellows. 'Excuse me, Mr. Tennyson, I'm Browning'. 'No, by God, you ain't: I know Browning'.—Yours, etc.,

Chiddingfold

A. L. IRVINE

### Mountains of the Moon

Sir,—Surely Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, not H. G. Wells, wrote *The Lost World*?

Yours, etc.,

Melksham

T. J. SAUNDERS



# English Influences on Proust\*

By J. M. COCKING

IN 1932, M. André Maurois wrote a paper for the English Association on Proust and Ruskin. He mentioned that a French critic had called Proust the greatest English novelist, and went on to say: 'This seems to me a brilliant paradox rather than a profound truth, for, in other respects, Proust is clearly related to French models like Saint-Simon and even, though more obscurely, Flaubert and Balzac'.

## Rooted in French Ground

It is indeed French ground that Proust's work is rooted in. It happened with him, as it had happened with Baudelaire, that a combination of situation and temperament opened his mind also to influences from outside France and caused it to share in an alien, though at that time related, tradition. But not only is his novel claimed by the French tradition; if, as Dr. Leavis suggests, the mark of the great tradition in the English novel is the novelist's deep moral concern for his characters, Proust seems to have no place in it. It may well seem strange, at first, that one of the main English influences we have to consider is George Eliot, admitted by Dr. Leavis to the high road of the English tradition; and Dr. Leavis himself has said that he would rather re-read *Clarissa*, which belongs to the English byways—or perhaps one should say to the Roman Road—than *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*.

This is not the first remark by an eminent English critic to suggest that if Proust could be wrested from France he would not be unanimously welcome in England. D. H. Lawrence said that Proust's novel was made of water-jelly. George Moore said Proust reminded him of a man trying to plough a field with knitting-needles. Desmond MacCarthy said he was completely and extravagantly romantic, a kind of Lady of Shalott who never lifts his eyes from his magic mirror. F. L. Lucas called his philosophy 'a muddled idealism', and the author a cross between Mephistopheles and Machiavelli. Cyril Connolly said that in Proust the terror of having to make a decision and the fear of leaving something out have put on the masks of love and truth.

These comments are enough to suggest that Proust's sensibility does not automatically win the sympathy of the English mind. Yet Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy saw Proust as a descendant of Dickens and George Eliot. And Proust wrote to Robert de Billy in 1909 or 1910:

When you are talking to Lister, ask him if he knows Thomas Hardy and Barrie, what kind of men they are, men of the world, ladies' men, etc. It is curious that in all the different *genres*, from George Eliot to Hardy, from Stevenson to Emerson, there is no literature which has as much hold on me as English and American literature. Germany, Italy, very often France, leave me indifferent. But two pages of *The Mill on the Floss* reduce me to tears. I know that Ruskin loathed that novel, but I reconcile all these hostile gods in the Pantheon of my admiration.

## Difficulties with English

The most interesting of the names Proust mentions in the letter to Robert de Billy are those of George Eliot and Ruskin. I am not going to suggest that Proust was an English novelist, or that the English influences—in spite of the evidence of the letter from which I quoted a moment ago—were more important than the French. Proust was no doubt steeped in his own tradition before he was attracted to English writers. He probably read George Eliot and Hardy in French translations; and the trouble he had in translating Ruskin suggests that he would never willingly read anything in English that he could read in French. In 1930, A. J. Roche pointed out how defective his translations of Ruskin are, and in 1942 were published his letters to Marie Nordlinger, who was his constant support while he was translating, and they reveal how heavily he had to lean on her. The phrase 'Herod's driving out the Madonna into Egypt' floored him completely. 'Herod's what?' he wrote. 'Why the genitive?' And, again, sending her his draft of one passage: 'I have underlined the words I am not sure of and left out those I do not understand at all. Do you underline with a special

pencil all the mistranslations, and write the proper meaning in the empty line above . . . We will see about the fine shades later'. And yet, whether they operated in French or in English, the English influences were important. Two penetrating remarks of M. Ramon Fernandez will help me to point to what I think their importance was. Here is the first:

The proper understanding of Proust's social world begins with the observation that in *Le Temps Perdu* are to be found the traces and filiations of nearly all the great novels of the nineteenth century. If these traces are not always recognisable (except to a few initiates) it is because Proust's intelligence, sensibility, and imagination have submitted these traces, these elements, to greater pressures, like the high temperatures or chemical agents which distort certain metals. One must always bear these great themes of the novel in mind, and then one realises what they could become in certain specific psychological conditions.

I am going to suggest, to put it briefly and over-simply, that George Eliot played a large part in helping Proust to clear his mind about these 'specific psychological conditions', within which, for example, Balzac's social climbers, Stendhal's lovers, Flaubert's romantic dreamers became distorted, and in their common distortion united, into the Proustian world—in short, that George Eliot played as large a part in helping Proust to elaborate what he calls his 'subjective idealism' as any philosopher.

## 'Poeticising without Transforming'

Here is the second quotation from Monsieur Fernandez, writing now of Proust's style:

Slowly and harmoniously Proust's sentences tend to poeticise the real *without transforming it*, the imagination working up every scrap of sensation which the real provides. The precision of the impressionistic notations is, as it were, the security for the graceful or piquant vagaries of the imagination.

The tendency to poeticise the real without transforming it seems to me eminently French; but I think Proust learned his impressionistic precision from Ruskin. And that from Ruskin he derived a lesson complementary to the one he learned from George Eliot. She helped him to the notion of an imaginative capital, laid up in childhood, providing in later life diminishing means which only memory could subsidise; from Ruskin's thought and Ruskin's prose Proust forged an instrument whereby he could re-inject imagination into a dreary world.

André Maurois wrote in his *A la Recherche de Marcel Proust*, published in 1949 (I am quoting from Mr. Hopkins' translation):

It is surprising that no one has yet pointed out the close resemblance between the opening pages of *Swann* and those of *The Mill on the Floss*, for it is startling: 'I have been pressing my elbows on the arm of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill as it looked one February afternoon many years ago . . .—at which point the reader is transported into the past. Substitute the Vivonne for the Floss, and the two mental landscapes become interchangeable.

This seems to me an example of the kind of exaggeration into which we are easily betrayed by the excitement of discovering a source. The mental landscapes of Combray and Dorlcote certainly prove, on close examination, to have a good deal in common, but they are not interchangeable. The Vivonne is as French as the Floss is English, and is a good deal more literary. I think it likely that the Vivonne owes its poetry not only to Proust's childhood memories of the Loir which flowed through Illiers, and of its tributary the Thironne, but to an imaginative transmutation of the river landscapes in *Le Lys dans la Vallée* and *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Nor was it quite true to say that the resemblances between the beginning of *The Mill on the Floss* and that of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* had not been pointed out: for Professor L. A. Bisson had pulled out the threads of correspondence in an article on 'Proust, Bergson, and George Eliot', published in the *Modern Language Review* in 1945. He pointed to the connection of memory with physical sensation, and went on to say how much more important Proust's introduction is than George Eliot's, how much richer,

\*A shortened version of Mr. Cocking's Inaugural Lecture as Professor of French in the University of London



subtler, more complex. In fact, George Eliot's is merely a device for beginning her story; Proust's is a subtle foreshadowing of much of what the story itself is to reveal clearly.

But when we have noticed this first correspondence between the two writers we begin to notice others. Both George Eliot and Proust belong to the unhappy but, in some cases, discerning race of those who can neither stay where they began nor move their whole selves to where they are going. Perhaps the most obvious difference between them is that George Eliot managed to shift her centre of gravity forward; Proust never did.

### Despair of Any Achievement

But if we think of *The Mill on the Floss* and the Combray episode of *Swann* together, surely the most striking resemblance the works suggest in their authors' self-awareness is the tension between the pull of childhood and the sense of its restrictiveness? It is a tension manifest in many authors of the romantic tradition, but which may take any one of many specific forms. In George Eliot and Proust, the tension appears in terms immediate and practical, concerned with family relationships and the normal conflicts between the desire to fulfil expectations and the desire to go one's own way. Both knew the anguish of feeling at once that they had fallen short of what was expected of them and that they might not be able to reach any recognised goal of their own. When George Eliot's husband urged her to write her autobiography, she replied: 'The only thing I should care much to dwell on would be the absolute despair I suffered from of ever being able to achieve anything'. That despair was also Proust's, until he saw the plan of his novel clear in his mind: the novel was his final issue from despair, and that is why, in spite of the pessimism of its content, its style mainly reflects, in its detail and in the total impression, a serenity which is broken only by the excitement of triumph.

Both George Eliot and Proust, as children, found themselves bound by affection to families from which they were also separated by their weaknesses and their gifts. Sentiment binds, self-realisation tears apart; that is the universal problem with which *The Mill on the Floss* is concerned, because it was a problem which thrust itself on the attention of George Eliot. That is the real reason why, as Maggie says, 'everything is going away from us—the end of our lives will have nothing in it like the beginning!' The bankruptcy of Tulliver and the loss of the mill are the novelist's devices to bring out a tragic conflict in the nature of human growth, and the only resolution is catastrophe. The flood in *The Mill on the Floss* is a lustral flood; it brings with it 'the strong resurgent love towards her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union'. The book offered Proust a resolution, a lustration for which he perennially craved; no wonder, then, that he wrote that two pages of it could move him to tears, and, again, in a letter written to Lucien Daudet in 1916, that *The Mill on the Floss* was the book he loved more than any other.

But his own artistic expression and resolution of his conflict was to take another form. He was bent on justifying himself by writing a great novel; and his moment came when he could see how to present his life in such a way that it led inevitably to the writing of a novel, how to show his chosen career as a destiny and a vocation, and his realisation of it as an apocalypse. The publication, last year, of the manuscript in which he made his first, unsuccessful attempt at a major work made possible a closer understanding of the development of his plan.

### 'Not with a Bang, but a Whimper'

This draft, now published as *Jean Santeuil*, is much more directly and exclusively inspired by the pain of moving away from childhood than the final novel. Maggie's complaint that everything goes away from us, that the end of our lives can have nothing in it like the beginning, is the burden of the whole book. There is no catastrophe and no triumph; it ends not with a bang but a whimper. Yet the triumph which Proust did eventually achieve in one form and proclaim in another presupposed that exploration of Proust's moral predicament which we can see going on in *Jean Santeuil*. The book confirms what Monsieur Fernandez wrote about French influences. We can see La Bruyère, Balzac, Stendhal, in process of assimilation. We can also see those 'specific psychological conditions' which are going to distort and transmute the themes of Balzac, Stendhal, and others, gradually assuming solidity and coherence in Proust's mind. *Jean Santeuil* also confirms the statement made some time ago by Professor Curtius about Proust's style and the mentality it expresses: that, in Proust, impressionism and

analysis, sensibility and intellectual lucidity, are two functions of the same mental energy. But whereas in the final novel the notations of sensibility are linked with the notations of the analytical intelligence in the overall design of the book as well as in the personality of Proust, in *Jean Santeuil* they lie side by side but artistically unassimilated. We are told of Jean Santeuil's childhood, of his mystical insights, of his unhappiness in love, of his conquest of the most important Duke and Duchess, of the snubbing he gets from the less important hostesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, of the punishment inflicted on those unhappy women by the Duchess in circumstances carefully contrived by Proust to avenge, in fantasy, the snubs he had himself received.

But nothing links all these elements together—and in particular nothing links the mysticism and the vindictive caricature—except the self-absorption of the narrator. The narrator's temperament is all too nakedly revealed; the reader is too cynically aware of the narrator's self-esteem and self-pity. The interesting thing is that one can see how the further exploration of the theme of childhood and the influence of childhood on later life will eventually surround and assimilate the themes of social ambition and love, how both these passions will be construed as the frustrated pursuit of poetic ideas conceived in childhood. The thing has not yet happened, but the exploration which will lead to its happening seems to be directed by George Eliot through *The Mill on the Floss*.

More than once she returns to the idea that childhood impressions are the mother-tongue of imagination. In *Jean Santeuil* Proust is trying to find out just how this applies to his own case, scrutinising the tendencies of his present imagination and looking backwards towards Illiers, Auteuil, and Paris for the origins of the language it speaks. He is also sadly aware of the decline of its powers. George Eliot wrote: 'Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass today, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love'. And Proust, in *Jean Santeuil*: 'They say that as we grow older our sensations grow weaker. Perhaps, but they are accompanied by the echo of former sensations, like those ageing prima donnas whose failing voice is supported by an invisible choir'. The second statement is, on the intellectual plane, the same as the first. There seems to me little doubt that Proust made it because he had read it in George Eliot and seen it as a key to the understanding of his own experience. Yet, again on the plane of intellectual understanding, the idea that past experience enters into and qualifies present perception is one of the most important themes of Bergson's philosophical writing.

### George Eliot and Bergson

The interesting thing is that while, on the intellectual plane, the three statements are very closely related indeed, on the plane of literature, which involves not only the statement of ideas and observations but the expression of attitudes towards them, all three formulations are different, and the distance between Bergson's and Proust's is perceptibly greater than the distance between George Eliot's and Proust's. Bergson's attitude is always forward-looking, novelty-seeking, and optimistic; dreams and memories may signify a dereliction of the creative duty of the personality. George Eliot is very aware that her present feelings of love have a poignancy which marks the loss of past perceptions. Proust, too, is aware of the sadness of loss. For both writers, memory is not a reservoir of useful and enriching experience, to which new experience is constantly and delightfully being added, but a means of improving the texture of an experience which, in some ways, grows thinner and more disappointing. But, having grouped George Eliot and Proust together, and apart from Bergson, we have to separate them in their turn. On the one hand, George Eliot's exact and positive observation, lifted into literature by its quiet, settling cadence, and a few simple, effective and well-worn crystallisers of emotion like 'delight', 'deep', 'faint', 'wearied souls', 'far-off years'; on the other Proust's image of the prima donna, which attempts to heighten what it serves to express. In George Eliot's books, as in her life, poignancy fostered love and compassion. In Proust's it encouraged the pursuit of aesthetic impressions as rich and strange as those he had lost: the prima donna and the invisible choir are characteristic images.

Professor Bisson, in the article on 'Proust, Bergson, and George Eliot' to which I have referred, and which was written before the publication of *Jean Santeuil*, was already able to see the significance of Proust's admiration for *The Mill on the Floss*; he pointed to the passage on childhood impressions from which I quoted, and to another



which bears remarkable resemblances to Proust's summing up of his own impressions of Combray and the two 'ways'. George Eliot prefers an elderberry bush to the finest fuchsia because of the memories it stirs; Proust is moved by may blossom for the same reason. But when we have read *Jean Santeuil*, and compared its formlessness and lack of direction with the design of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, we notice that the coherence of the latter is in great part due to the fact that not only Marcel's love of may blossom, but every ambition and aspiration of his life is referred back to the patterns which his imagination began to assume in childhood, influenced by natural beauty but also, and even more—this again is characteristic of Proust—by the books with which he spent the most delightful part of his life. Proust took over from George Eliot an idea—that childhood impressions are the mother-tongue of imagination; he worked it out first of all in terms like George Eliot's; he added new terms of his own; and finally turned it into a system, basing upon it the account of a fictional life in which romantic love and social ambition are seen as the pursuit of a poetry already and more fully known in the past.

### Account of an Emotional Decline

But in the later novel, this account of an emotional decline takes its place in a more complex emotional pattern: the falling rhythm of the loss of childhood and childhood impressions is counterpointed by the rising rhythm of the growing sense of vocation; the loss of imaginative spontaneity is counterbalanced by a gain of imaginative insight. The main instrument of this insight is involuntary memory. It is present in *Jean Santeuil*, but its operations are not dramatically presented; they do not culminate in an overwhelming revelation. The best Proust can do at this stage is to recommend that we put up with the desolation of the present in the hope that a stray sensation will occasionally release us into a transfigured past, which is not inspiring as a philosophy and cannot bring his novel to any climax. In *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* the climax is achieved: the rising curve of vocation realised and fulfilled carries everything with it. This final upward swing is foreshadowed from time to time in a recurring local pattern: imagination clashes with reality and disintegrates, then, usually under the guidance of an artist, it reawakens in forms compatible with reality. The movement is down to disillusion and up to understanding. For instance, Marcel goes to Balbec with his head full of the romance of Gothic churches and primitive seas: he is disappointed in the church, until Elstir teaches him to read in its fabric the very spirit of the age which created it; he shades his eyes from the un-primitive yachts and bathers until Elstir teaches him to find beauty in images of contemporary life. He goes to see La Berma play 'Phèdre', and is merely depressed by his own incapacity to be moved until Bergotte opens his eyes to her genius. My suggestion is that these upward movements, which more than compensate for romantic disillusion by cultivated insight, reflect similar movements in Proust's sensibility between *Jean Santeuil* and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*: and that, in life, the man who did most to stimulate them was Ruskin.

Ruskin's influence has been explored a good deal more thoroughly than George Eliot's, in two theses and half a dozen papers. One of the first to realise its importance was Dr. Jessie Murray, and the last of her three papers, which is to be found in the proceedings of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society for 1932, is the most complete exploration of the subject. One of the points she makes is that Proust found Ruskin's thought more concrete than Emerson's. Emerson's, says Proust, is 'a mere sign of itself'; Ruskin gave a concrete form to all his ideas, and took as his principal subject-matter concrete material beauties. This point seems to me important. In *Jean Santeuil*, for instance, the novelist 'C.' who is supposed to have written the story, and the novelist Traves whom Jean Santeuil meets in the course of it, are both Emersonians—or Baudelaireans; for there are signs that Baudelaire's theory of correspondences was the form of transcendental idealism which was in the forefront of Proust's mind. But Traves never seems to teach Jean Santeuil anything specific. It is in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* that the lessons begin; revelation is aided by study. Art is still intuitive, impressionistic, subconscious, mysterious, and all the things it was in *Jean Santeuil* and in the transcendental tradition; but the artist is helped by the intelligent, open-eyed, keen-visioned, and even industrious study of the work of other artists—under the guidance of an initiate. What I am suggesting is that the teacher was first Ruskin, and then others, such as Emile Mâle, to whom Proust was guided by the passion for understanding based on knowledge and precise observation which Ruskin had awakened in him.

Proust's letters to Marie Nordlinger suggest that he turned away from the unfinished *Jean Santeuil* to the study and then the translation of Ruskin as a kind of askesis. 'There are moments', he writes, 'when I wonder if I am not like Dorothea Brook's husband in *Middlemarch*, if I am not piling up ruins'. His interest in Ruskin became worship, then cooled to critical appreciation. Ruskin's morality, his religion, his social consciousness were not for Proust; yet he helped Proust to a new vision of the world around him, and to a consciousness of the world for ever coloured and enriched by familiarity with buildings and paintings and statues. He taught him how familiar things become strangely interesting when they are resolved into their complex details, and provided the example of a style in which such details are precisely noted. But there is a sense in which Proust inverts the method of Ruskin, as brilliant pupils are apt to do. Ruskin is always trying to show the beauty of art in terms of its expression of the true beauty of nature. Proust is more concerned with according to the dull world of natural experience a prestige reflected from the more satisfactory and more exciting world of art, or viewing the world with a humorous sense of its contrast with a world of art which some of its features recall.

Here is a passage from *The Stones of Venice*, quoted by Monsieur Gabriel Mourey to illustrate the resemblance between Ruskin's descriptive style and Proust's: Ruskin writes of

the confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the Saint Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frostbound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

The statue here is seen as a static sea, art in terms of nature. But Proust expresses the remembered beauty of nature in terms of art. The beauty of nature has become for him the result of an accidental correspondence between natural forms and subjective ideals; beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and the greatest beauty lies in the forms which the artist has fashioned for himself.

### Ruskin's Influence

And Ruskin probably did more than any other single influence to guide Proust towards a frame of mind in which he could fashion for himself the forms of his own self-expression; to wean him from his natural temper of mourning for the past; to foster in him the resolve to re-create what of his past was worth preserving; to suggest to him a particular kind of attention to experience, to open his mind to those parts of Bergson's philosophy which his own was capable of assimilating. Ruskin, said Proust, had brought to life, through his insight and creative power, the spiritual experience of medieval artists who before were twice dead, in themselves and in their work. Proust's own encouragement and purpose seems to have come from the thought that to resuscitate is to create. Once undertaken, his work developed into something more than mere recovery; but that is another story, and a long one. The important thing is that of all the influences which Proust absorbed, Ruskin's was the one which led from frustration to purpose.

When the Library Edition of Ruskin's *Bible of Amiens* was published in 1908, the editor referred in a note to some of the comments Proust had made on Ruskin's text. Dr. Murray points out that this is probably the first mention of Proust's name in England; it is fitting that it should have been in one of Ruskin's books.—*Third Programme*

H. M. Tomlinson, *A Selection from his Writings*, made by Kenneth Hopkins (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is a present made by Mr. Hopkins to the public on the occasion of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's eightieth birthday. In his youth, Mr. Hopkins as he tells us in his preface was not prepared to read a book unless it was Literature. *All Our Yesterdays*, he was assured by the local librarian, was Literature. And so began a devotion which after twenty years has issued in this timely tribute, when Mr. Tomlinson's work is liable to be shunned by a younger generation, precisely because it is Literature. This selection is to provide wary readers with a taste of Tomlinson. It makes no pretence at being 'The Essential' or 'The Portable' Tomlinson, to use the English and American terms. Tomlinson's reputation is to many people forbidding rather than inviting. He looms on the literary landscape, and the praises of his critics are more often couched in terms of duty than of pleasure, 'You must read' rather than 'You'll love to read'. This is unfortunate, because in that craggy prose there are pure streams of delight; and Mr. Hopkins is to be congratulated on this work of love, which should introduce to a new generation the work of a remarkable novelist, traveller, critic and essayist.



## Art

# The First Master of British Landscape Painting

By E. K. WATERHOUSE

**W**E are told that the ancient cities of Central America, once they became uninhabited, were quickly covered with a jungle growth. This has sometimes happened to artists, too, and to few more conspicuously than to Richard Wilson.

He was a cultured, sensible man with a dislike of fine manners, and he liked to unbend with a few cronies, men who were not gossip writers for posterity. He was altogether unlike his co-founder of our national school of painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who chose his friends, one is sometimes tempted to guess, with an eye to publicity. So, when Wilson died and his works became famous, there was not very much positive fact known about his life and biographers began that work of embroidery from a few slim or doubtful anecdotes which can be likened to the tropical vegetation which covered up the ancient Maya cities. There has been no lack in numbers of books about Wilson, the most recent as lately as 1947. Perhaps each has added a little fact to what was known before; but each has certainly added much more to the legend, and no serious attempt has ever been made before to disentangle Wilson's originals from his own replicas and the copies which were made in his own lifetime—usually, one supposes, with the quite overt intent to deceive. Mr. Constable's book\* is thus really an excavation report. It has to give an account of the growth of the various legends and then to clear away all this irrelevant superstructure. It has to discuss in detail, what is normally unnecessary in a book on an admitted old master, a whole host of problems of pupils, copyists, and forgers. If Lady Camper were still living today she would surely have sent a copy of it to annoy her general, and have called it 'a view of the excavated city of Wilsonople'.

That the book is what it is reflects a great deal of credit not only on its author but on its publishers. I fancy that when the series of 'English Master Painters', in which it appears, was first conceived by the publishers, they had something very different in mind—a biographical and critical introduction, a catalogue of all the artist's known works, and reproductions of as many of them as possible. It was a happy, though perhaps a light-hearted, idea—the setting in a reasoned order of what was already known. But it left out of account how much was unknown about even the most eminent masters of British painting. A good book on an artist, at any given moment of time, cannot be written from simple, preconceived premises like this. Its form, if the author is modest—and a good dose of modesty is necessary for anyone who is to write a book on a great master—must be dictated by the state of scholarship on the subject at the time the book is written. In this matter of time Mr. Constable has been both lucky and unlucky.

He has been lucky because, perhaps for the first time since Wilson's death, the moment had come when a serious book could be written. The two earliest and most important sources of information have again

become available—Farington's Diary, of which only quite inadequate selections have been published, and the notes on Wilson's pictures written by their first impassioned collector, Benjamin Booth, who was only about twenty years younger than Wilson himself. Booth's notes belong to Mr. Brinsley Ford, who has himself written a masterly book on Wilson's drawings, without which Mr. Constable's fuller treatment would have been impossible. Since the last book on Wilson was written the essential early works of Wilson, done in his years in Rome, have reappeared from obscurity—a number of the topographical drawings (there are still many more to discover) made for the Earl of Dartmouth,

and the group of subject pictures and portraits long concealed in the possession of the Earls of Wicklow. A memorable exhibition of Wilson's work also has been held, in 1948, which was arranged by the City Art Gallery of Birmingham. All these things count on the side of luck, but the unlucky side is that the task of sifting and cleansing past muddles has become even more Augean.

We no longer live in an age when a scholar can put down his own conclusions about the work of a great artist without telling us how he came by them. Too often in the past such a method has concealed what was at best an enlightened hunch and at the worst laziness. But the requirements of today cannot always be combined with a work of comfortably readable literature. Mr. Constable himself is very well aware of this

and he describes parts of his book as 'at times somewhat like a railway time-table in which some of the trains have starting points but no destinations, and others destinations but no starting points'. For students of the History of Art of the New Bradshaw School such passages are extremely exciting and they combine something of the charm of a detective story with the railway time-table. They are admirably managed, and the method by which all this complex material is arranged so that it can be easily used must have required a great deal of thought and is wholly successful. Pretty well all the Wilson types of design are illustrated (364 paintings or drawings are in fact reproduced) and a triple set of indices make it possible to find quickly the information on any picture you like to look up. If baffled by the title given to the picture—and the same design of Wilson's has sometimes been described as a view on the Tiber, the Arno, the Anio, and the Dee!—the Index of Owners usually comes to your rescue.

The artist of course does not come off quite so happily as the student. Most of the illustrations have to be two or three to a page and only four are whole page plates, among them the wonderful 'Snowdon from Llyn Nantlle'. This will probably annoy the present and the last Presidents of the Royal Academy, but for most of us it will be a small price to pay for a book which will be abundantly used by anyone who has the good fortune to possess it. It puts everything else which has been written on Wilson altogether in the shade.



'Snowdon from Llyn Nantlle', by Richard Wilson



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Life and Music of Béla Bartók

By Halsey Stevens. Oxford. 45s.

BY FAIRLY GENERAL CONSENT, Béla Bartók was one of the greatest composers of the first half of the twentieth century. He received his due measure of abuse in his lifetime, but no one whose judgment of contemporary music counted for anything at all ever questioned his mastery. The soberest critics nowadays compare his string quartets with the 'posthumous Beethovens', and do so without provoking a squeak of protest. Yet there has not been a single substantial book on Bartók in the English language, and until just before the war the only serious study of his work in any language other than Hungarian was Edwin von der Nüll's *Beitrag zur Morphologie der neuen Musik* of 1930, and von der Nüll's little book is not biographical. The explanation is simple enough: Bartók's works and the marks of his style are so intensely and exclusively musical that it is difficult to write about them except in exclusively musical terms—never a popular procedure. And his life and character could be portrayed only by a writer who had access to the material in Hungarian; it was not even enough to know the Hungarian language; the two important volumes of his correspondence were published only in 1948 and 1951.

Dr. Halsey Stevens' book is therefore most welcome. He is well equipped to write about the music technically—though on page 164 he makes an extraordinary slip which is exposed by his own music-type example—and his knowledge of Hungarian has placed at his command all the biographical information at present available. The reader easily forgives a few Americanisms and a rather pedestrian style for the sake of the new information about this great, and personally likeable, musician. For the information, it must be said, rather than for the criticism, Dr. Stevens' judgments are always temperate and generally sound, yet they all too seldom illuminate. He admires; he describes what he admires in careful and accurate detail; but he never manages to convey—admittedly a difficult thing—just why Bartók is a great composer.

The biographical details are fascinating, not because Bartók lived a particularly interesting life or was a dazzling personality, but because they at last enable us to see the human background to music that has sometimes seemed a little inhuman. They do not go deep; they harmonise better with the quiet, modest little man one knew superficially than with the mind that was attracted by such curiously decadent dramatic subjects as 'The Wonderful Mandarin' and 'Duke Bluebeard's Castle'. Many readers will learn for the first time what Bartók suffered, mentally as well as physically, during his last years; if great artists have to endure much under totalitarian regimes, they can also have a hard struggle in friendly, liberal and wealthy countries such as the United States. One has only to read the conditions in which the Concerto for Orchestra was composed to understand why it is a relatively weak work and to abandon the idea that Bartók was 'writing down' to please American audiences.

## Mussolini. An Intimate Life

By Paolo Monelli.

Thames and Hudson. 21s.

'How, for example, did this son of an Italian blacksmith rise to such heights of power, how did he carry the Italians with him for so long, what were the causes of his fall, and what was

the man really like?' Mr. Monelli's publisher claims that this biography answers these and many other questions. The claim is ill-founded. The book contains only the most cursory and superficial analysis of the roots of fascism and the causes of Mussolini's success in the scramble for power; it gives no convincing explanation of how such a man as Mussolini maintained his ascendancy over the Italian people; the occasion of his fall is described in vivid detail, but the course of events which brought it about remains obscure.

Mr. Monelli's biography nevertheless meets a need. It does answer the question, 'What was the man really like?' Too many people still think of Mussolini as the man who laid the foundation for Italy's reconstruction and development, who brought order and stability to a corrupt and crumbling society, who made a fatal mistake in getting somehow tied up with Hitler, but who was really a much more skilful diplomatist than the German dictator. The exposure in this easily-written book of the man's indecision, indolence, superficiality of judgment, administrative incompetence and unbelievable ignorance of affairs economic and military could hardly be credited if it were not confirmed by the copious documentary evidence that has appeared in the past five years. Too little is perhaps said about such qualities as Mussolini had, and it is certainly true that before Abyssinia his failings were less marked than in his later years of decay, but none the less this book should serve as a striking warning of the kind of man who may gain control of the destinies of a people when irresponsible demagoguery is uncontrolled by effective democratic institutions.

## Reflections on a Marine Venus

By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 25s.

Wherever he may be among the Aegean islands Mr. Durrell usually seems to have in mind the opening of his own fine poem on Ithaca, 'Tread softly, for here you stand, On miracle ground, boy'. Corfu, Ithaca, and Mykonos have satisfied his isomania in the past, places where one has imagined him conceiving poetry on the sun-laden rocks, walking in the harsh landscape and sensing back through the palimpsest of the islands' history or, in Norman Douglas mood, spotting wild irises and the rare autumn mandrake, picking up mythological scraps from peasants. But when, after the war, Mr. Durrell was sent by the army to edit a newspaper on Rhodes, there was precious little opportunity for him to sneak off to capture the moods of past meridional summers. Much of *Reflections on a Marine Venus* is about the highly specialised form of army life which Mr. Durrell and a few other army officers managed to create for themselves on the island. There are delightful portraits of two of these officers, the eccentrics Gideon and Hoyle, and in general the modern scene and living people in the book are more memorable than the accounts of the 'Knights' or the few evocations of landscape; the excellence of this aspect of the book reminds one that Mr. Durrell once wrote *The Black Book*, a remarkable, compelling novel which someone would do well to publish in an English edition.

Although *Reflections on a Marine Venus* is written in superb prose and is original in its conception it doesn't wholly succeed either in bringing Rhodes alive visually or in making the island enflame the imagination. The subtitle, 'A Companion to the Landscape of Rhodes', is in fact something of a misnomer, since all too

rarely does Mr. Durrell manage to get out of the town, away from linotypes and sixty-point headlines, to walk alone over the miracle ground, noting the arrival of the spring asphodel and finding the precise emotions that will wholly reveal the island. It is in the last, long chapter, 'The Saint of Soroni' that he most nearly achieves this and produces some of the best passages in an unusual book: '... the fish float as if dazed by their own violet shadows which follow them back and forth, sprawling across the sea's floor. Or perhaps it is the blinding shimmer of phosphorus which outlines my own swimming body as it plunges towards them throwing out sparks . . . lying there, arms behind my head, on that resilient, tideless meadow of water, I see in my mind's eye the whole panorama of our Rhodian life, made up of a thousand different scenes and ages, all turning before me now as if on the slow turntable of the four seasons'.

For a book of some 180 pages, with seven not very exciting illustrations, the publishers have hardly been fair to the author in charging so excessive a price.

## The Tools of Social Science

By John Madge. Longmans. 25s.

Social scientists disagree less about their aims than about the methods to be used to achieve them. Mr. Madge is quite explicit about his aims, which are traditional to social science:

Instead of aiming to become the objective value-free theorist, the social scientist may without shame take on the job of social engineer, in which he may use his experience and special skills in the service of his chosen community.

He is almost as explicit about methods. While a large part of his book describes the use of documents, personal observation and interviews, he leaves no doubt that these are essentially exploratory methods and that, wherever possible, experimental techniques are to be preferred.

Far too often the social scientist is content to forge his concepts after the event, and to ignore the crucial criterion of experimental testing—that is that he should put himself and his hypotheses at the mercy of his experiment.

The fact that there are many simultaneously varying factors in any social situation ceases to prohibit experimentation when modern methods are used, although naturally the appropriate experimental designs are made more complicated and costly. But while complexity is no longer an impassable barrier, it is inescapable that people react to the knowledge that they are being experimented with, and this presents a fundamental difficulty to the social experimenter. Unless the purpose, and perhaps even the existence, of the experiment can be concealed from its subjects, it may become self-stultifying; at best, the nature of the experimental situation may be radically transformed by the interaction of human motives. For example, Mr. Madge reports the famous Hawthorne factory experiment, and dwells on its self-modifying character with approval:

The experiment tends to submerge its classical objective, the search for proof, and becomes instead a miniature form of social action.

No one could deny this, but Mr. Madge does not explore its rather pessimistic implication for many experimental situations in social science.

The heart of the book is a long chapter on interviewing, which suffers somewhat from an oscillation between different levels of exposition. It is encumbered, for example, with sections on



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the theory of sampling and the use of statistical methods of tabulation. The importance of these subjects is not doubted, but their treatment clearly falls between the two stools of brief summary and practical detail. Since, in this respect as in others, his book is well documented, Mr. Madge might have taken the shorter course.

A section on the formative interview (which allows the respondent some freedom to choose his topics) is followed by one on the mass interviewing techniques of public opinion polls, but little or no attention is paid to the far more numerous commercial research organisations which collect facts and do a good deal of pre-testing of products for industrial firms. This deficiency is paralleled by another which more considerably limits the scope of the book: 'social science' has been interpreted narrowly by the author, in that economics is almost entirely omitted from consideration. It is difficult to accept the wisdom of excluding, from a discussion of this sort, precisely that field of social study which is most deductively developed and most constantly applied to the affairs of life. If there is scope for experimentation anywhere, it is where practical opportunities abound, and the close control by governmental agencies over wide areas of economic life must surely open up the possibilities of testing economic theories against facts. It is not altogether fanciful to read some significance into the omission of economics from a sociologist's book. Possibly because of the conscious theoretical superiority of the economist over the sociologist, the divorce of the two disciplines is almost complete in practice, and nobody seems to be concerned to bring the unhappy couple together again.

The remainder of the body of the book, which is concerned with the use of documents and personal observations, is not of great general interest. There remain only the outside chapters, which consider the general problems of philosophy and logic with which every scientist is concerned. These are undoubtedly the most interesting chapters for the general reader, and they set out conscientiously the points at issue. But despite an occasional felicity of expression, they seem to lack fire and thrust. This is a criticism which applies generally to the book. One is reminded, by contrast, of the immense gusto and attack of even the methodological portions of Karl Popper's *The Open Society and its Enemies*, and the comparison is reasonable, since many of the issues discussed and the conclusions reached are very similar. Mr. Madge's failure to stimulate cannot be entirely due to his prospective undergraduate public: there is a lack of fusion, an air of pastiche, about the book which will make it heavy going for the general reader in search of the interesting material it contains. For the specialist, however, it remains a valuable addition to the literature.

### Sword and Swastika: The Wehrmacht in the Third Reich

By Telford Taylor. Gollancz. 21s.

A considerable part of General Telford Taylor's narrative deals with the history of German militarism before 1933. He has in particular studied the extremely interesting papers left behind them by Groener and Seeckt which are now accessible to students in Washington. With these and the vast amount of material placed at his disposal as chief of counsel for the prosecution of the major war criminals at Nuremberg, General Taylor is well equipped to make his contribution to recent German history. His examination of the Weimar period makes clearer than ever that the most critical phase of German rearmament was completed before the Nazis came to power. It was essentially the work of Seeckt and his successors, but it depended paradoxically upon the

collaboration of Communist Russia on the one hand and of Krupp von Bohlen and the directors of the *I. G. Farben Industrie* on the other.

In the days of the Weimar Republic and of the Versailles system, when Seeckt as acting Chief of Staff was obliged by the Allies to content himself with the title of *Chef des Truppenamtes*, he was none the less the most powerful man in the country for several years, without even a monarch to consider. It was only in 1933 with the regime of its former protégé and present choice, Adolf Hitler, that the political power of the German army began to crumble and decay.

From this point of view the massacre of the S.A. on June 30, 1934, was probably the most portentous event before the outbreak of war. The generals at first supposed that the elimination of the Storm Troopers was to serve the army's purpose, only to find that the much more formidable S.S. directed by Himmler had gained independent authority. It seemed incredible at the time that Schleicher and Bredow could be murdered with impunity—not a voice was raised in protest within the officers' corps except those of the discarded Hammerstein and the aged Feldmarschall von Mackensen. And within two months Hitler had succeeded Hindenburg and had fettered the army with a personal oath of unconditional obedience to himself. 'It is highly probable', writes General Taylor, 'that no oath in human history has been made to serve so many purposes, or to justify so many sins of omission and commission, as that of August 1934'.

The second decisive change in the 'thirties was made in February 1938 when Hitler abolished the office of War Minister and placed himself at the head of the new *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht* with Keitel as his subordinate. But the attack upon Poland began with the army still led by a professional soldier, Brauchitsch. It was only in December 1941 that he, too, was deposed so that Adolf Hitler took over the whole responsibility, both strategical and tactical, while he set out at the same time to indoctrinate the army much more thoroughly with National Socialism. But General Taylor cuts his story short with the end of the Polish campaign in 1939; this abrupt termination detracts a little from the value of an otherwise useful and instructive book.

### Gala Day London. By Izis Bidermanas.

Texts by various authors.

Harvill Press. 63s.

In the click of a button and the fraction of a second a photographer can create a work of art whereas Whistler required an hour or two for a painting and even M. Simenon has never finished a novel in less than twenty-five hours. The photographer, it is true, has to develop his print and on occasion to touch it up, but the most complicated superimposition is a simple and mechanical operation in comparison with the integral processes of other arts. Hence the great photographers, and Mr. Bidermanas is one of them, have a distinct physical advantage over those who work in less tractable media. He has taken full advantage of it. His camera has nosed its way among the streets; caught the light and the fogs; the beauty and the smugness; the squalor and the elegance; the rangyness and the rootedness of society—assimilated them and produced a portrait of London which is as emotionally as it is visually satisfying. Shocked, one recognises that many of these photographs are the images of one's own experience and then one comes across the fact that a good photograph does what a literary painting tries to do: it illustrates a thought. Painting, when it tries to do this, may succeed but more often it fails for the preoccupation with illustra-

tion takes the painter's attention away from his forms, his textures and his colours which most often can only be true if they are true to themselves and not to an outside thought. The laws of photography are not so demanding: the best composed photograph is empty unless it contains a thought. Mr. Bidermanas' thoughts are always exciting and each one of them is related to each other so that the whole amounts to a sensitive observer's judgment on a city.

Eighty years ago Doré produced *London: a Pilgrimage* and this book deserves to be shelved (in the Johnsonian sense) beside it. Doré used one writer; Mr. Bidermanas no less than twenty-two, each one of them more distinguished than Blanchard Jerrold; from Betjeman in the Bs, through Eliot in the Es, to Wilson in the Ws, every one has contributed something. Some of them have not measured up to their niches and dribbled out a line or two of unrelated prose or verse; others have been more precise and their contributions fuse with the photographs. Mr. Betjeman, for instance, has centred his lyrics on the photographs with the result that Bidermanas and he have produced a composite work of art. Alone each part is self-sufficient, but together they multiply one another, suggesting that a flexible relationship between literature and photography is in fact a marriage of media capable, like montage, of making its own rules.

### A Dictionary of New Words in English

By Paul C. Berg.

Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.

Better English. By G. H. Vallins.

Pan Books. 2s.

The readiness of our language to assimilate new words excites conflicting emotions. Dr. Berg approves of it; he professes a delight in new words, though he would have them conform to the 'double test of elegance and usefulness'. He has compiled a glossary of everything that, to his knowledge, has come into the language since the early 1930s. Why and how new words establish themselves he discusses in an introduction. This is the best part of the book; the glossary itself is disappointing. That it should fall far short of being complete was no doubt inevitable in a compilation that depended on the observation of one man. But it has defects of inclusion as well as of omission. Dr. Berg does not seem to have distinguished sufficiently between what has entered the language since 1930 and what entered it earlier but has only come to his own notice since then: it is surprising to find such entries as 'reciprocating engine', 'answer back', 'rookie', 'general paralysis of the insane', and many other long-established words. Others again, though unquestionably new, hardly seem to have made sufficient progress to warrant inclusion. That a word may be found in the pages of *Hansard* or of *Time* (both favourite sources of Dr. Berg's supporting quotations) does not of itself give a firm title to admission to a fellowship of 'New Words in English'. American slang has long been a source of enrichment of the language, but many of the specimens in this glossary have not yet qualified: some, one may hope, never will. But the dictionary, with all its shortcomings, is a remarkable achievement; and the introduction is a valuable contribution to the diagnosis of a phenomenon of perennial interest.

Mr. Vallins also is benevolent in his approach to new words—at any rate to those that 'express in themselves what could otherwise be expressed only in a phrase'. Thus 'editorialise' seems to him 'an admirable way of saying "make editorial comment on"'; and no doubt he would give equal praise to other similar verbs—'diarise', 'hospitalise', 'civilianise', 'finalise'.



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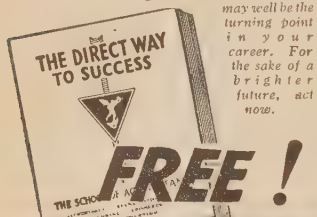


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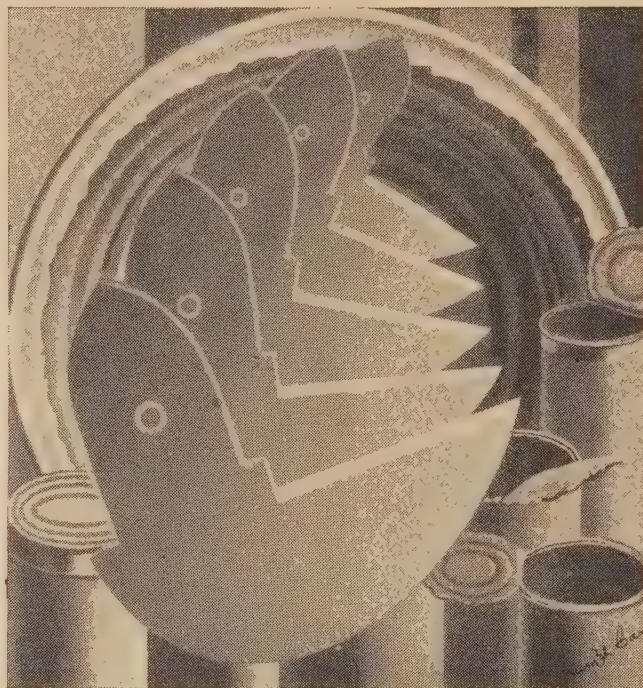
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## CAN-OPENERS



A LIGHT engineering firm in the north of England had difficulty in obtaining the type of steel they required for the manufacture of can-opener blades. An alternative grade of steel was tried which it was hoped would prove suitable if heat-treated, but the results were not satisfactory. The firm consulted I.C.I. General Chemicals Division, who maintain a heat-treatment section at Oldbury as part of their service to the engineering industry.

Sample blades sent to Oldbury for examination were first tested for surface hardness and their internal structure was then examined under a microscope. The next step was to heat-treat unhardened blades experimentally in a bath containing molten sodium cyanide. Four different methods of treatment were tried to enable the manufacturers to determine the most suitable. The blades produced by one of these methods proved entirely satisfactory. Demonstrated at the firm's works by an I.C.I. technical service man, this heat-treatment process enabled the manufacturer to continue production and maintain the quality of his products.





—which offend less tolerant protectors of the language. As Mr. Vallins remarks, what does it matter anyway? 'Luckily for the language prejudices tend to cancel out; and an individual word is finally accepted by a kind of popular intuition'.

*Better English* is a sequel to *Good English and How to Write It*. It is built up on extracts from the author's reading of 'literary' newspapers and periodicals 'in a period of weeks'.

These were chosen to illustrate lapses from correct idiom and orderly construction. The ground they cover has been well trodden before by Mr. Vallins and others. He does not so much point the way as invite us to look very carefully for pitfalls in roads already signposted. Sometimes the pitfalls are so unobtrusive that it is not easy to see them even when Mr. Vallins shines his torch on them. But on the whole the book justifies the author's claim that 'it dis-

cusses important trifles that are not really trifles'—not trifles, that is, to a writer who wants to perfect his craftsmanship. And though some of them may be thought meticulous—a word defended by Mr. Vallins against what he calls Fowler's 'rather petulant onslaught'—the discussion is conducted with that good sense and clear thinking that readers of Mr. Vallins' previous books on English usage have learned to look for in him.

## New Novels

*My Orange Has a Bitter Rind.* By Barnaby Dogbolt. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

*A Law for the Lion.* By L. Auchincloss. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

*The Second Happiest Day.* By John Phillips. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

*Sing for Your Supper.* By Eleanor Lothrop. Heinemann. 15s.

THE professional-humorist-in-letters, if not native to the American soil, is a flourishing plant there. Unlike real humour, which is at best unconscious—consisting largely of seeing the truth from an unusual angle—*The New Yorker* brand, the type most frequently exported, has something synthetic about it. It is as if the writers are afraid of not appearing 'sophisticated'. Understandable, no doubt, in a nation nearer to the backwoods than we are. (The word *sophistication*, in its modern sense, is American. The Oxford dictionary gives 'misled, made artificial, adulterated'.) *My Orange Has a Bitter Rind*, by Barnaby Dogbolt, seems, both in title and author's name, to sum up much of this desire to be continually 'sophisticated'. There is something costive, strained, about its funniness. It is written in a series of letters which, it may be argued, makes the 'Johnny was a rummy and only two jumps ahead of the nut-factory' idiom permissible—even if it does not make for easy reading. They are exchanged between an archly naive young novelist, who has written a best-seller, and his uncle, a cynical failure in life, who gives him, nevertheless, advice on how to be successful in it. It is a satire on the various 'rackets', Literary Choices, Books of the Month, Selections, etc., which an author must obtain to live today. A splendid idea. We see the literary cocktail parties, best-selling female novelists, agents, critics, all through a haze of jokes and hyperboles and other smart remarks which smack of the extravagance of the theatre. As a satire it is successful. We heartily dislike all these 'smarties'. It is the manner, not the means, which irritates me.

'My agent', writes the young author to his uncle, 'is standing firm for \$100,000 which isn't bird-seed which led me to remark that while in the Audubon society we had a saying, "a bird in the binoculars is worth 2 in the *Field Guide to our Feathered Friends*"'.

Perhaps all Americans know what the Audubon society is. Perhaps not. It is just one of the many recondite allusions, and recondite puns, which will baffle the uninitiated English reader. To take a longer passage, at random:

Woman, thy name is Miss Beauchamp Passom-pierre. Well, I said to the latter, what did you do anyway with that prize you won of \$500?

What can one do with \$500, she drawled?

I said ironically one can use it for the down payment on a parcel of real estate improved or even unimproved.

But take it to New Orleans and play roulette. Oh I said, you mean gamble honey chile? I call her honey chile in moments of intimacy.

Why no, she said.

As I have been a notorious poker player whilst at college I said, You can't tell me roulette isn't a gambling game honey chile.

Why no she drawled, the wheel is fixed.

This is a very ambiguous remark, Uncle Will. Very ambiguous indeed. And so is most of the book. However, it makes up in high spirits for what it lacks in distinction.

*A Law for the Lion* is a very different affair. Although equally American in setting, *The New Yorker*, *Time Magazine* and the rest of them seem very far away. No longer are we in the land where everyone takes time by the forelock and brings home the bacon; we are on a select bit of beach on a discreet Long Island shore, listening to the urbane accents of a would-be American E. M. Forster. The theme even is that of *Howard's End*—Culture versus the Practical Men. The Wilcoxes here are called Dilworths, equally decent, honest-to-god folk, who have made their way as lawyers, by common sense and industry—no-nonsense dogmatists when it comes to anything about Art. Their standard-bearer is George Dilworth, 'now in sight of the day when he can boast, in addition to his apartment in the city and this rented house on the dunes, the handsome red brick Georgian house with the wide lawns on the north shore of Long Island that would definitely establish him as a "three-place man".'

But, alas, Eloise, his excellent wife, has a dash of alcohol in her blood, inherited from her mother who has lived too long on the French Riviera. George Dilworth, second partner now in his firm, is far too busy being successful to give much time to sleeping with her. Anyway, serious, middle-aged people have got over all that nonsense, surely! This leads Eloise into an entanglement with a young writer engaged on one of those battles with poverty which are commonly supposed to lend a fine temper to the soul of an artist. Instead of the Georgian house, Eloise hankers after Greenwich Village. All very distressing, and such a bad example to her step-daughter who lives with them, a Vassar girl with the highest ideals, a real Dilworth—who also begins to misbehave. One feels the whole thing can be traced to the day that awful Granny came back from France, to stay with them! Horror of horrors! The old girl herself starts to dally with the senior partner of George Dilworth's own firm!

This is too much for respectability, and a flash-light photograph is taken of the first guilty couple, trapped in bed—with reporters as audience. The whole line of dirty family linen is then washed in the divorce courts, where the soullessness of the legal system (as exemplified by George Dilworth) is revealed in a fine passage drawn, I am sure, *sur le vif*. As the words 'fornication' and 'adultery' are bandied about by the lawyers and the judge, poor Eloise, sitting like a criminal listening, finds that 'the two words have suddenly lost their terror for her. They seemed like so many Easter bunnies and Teddy Bears scattered round the courtroom for

other children to pick up and fondle. It was a nursery, and full of horrid children, but she at least was an adult'. How the philistines win the case, but are defeated by their own philistinism, is the theme of this well-told tale.

Anyone irritated by the 'smart-alec' humour of *My Orange Has a Bitter Rind*, might well read Mr. Phillips' *The Second Happiest Day*. It has the subtle humour of the best American writing. It is in their familiar boa-constrictor tradition however, about 120,000 words long, and it takes some time to settle into it. But it is worth the effort. It has the virtues and faults of first novels—sincere and painstaking, but too obviously autobiographical. The author has set out, the publishers claim, 'to do for the present post-war generation in America what Scott Fitzgerald did for his'. He very nearly succeeds, doing it by describing school, university, dancing and 'deb' days, with considerable charm and wit, but overloading the tale with incidents which, while often interesting in themselves, add very little to the story, which is the familiar one of boy takes girl from boy. But if you want to hear the conversation of the 'boys and girls' at Long Island dances, in the bars and Buicks, on and off the campus, understand in fact the American cult of youth, you will do so here. (And you may find it, set down at length, occasionally boring.) The author has an acute ear and a personality, but it is not yet developed enough to make this an important book. Acute, even witty, observation is not enough—the author must have a point of view, a strong feeling, of his own. His next book will probably be shorter, more compact, with a better story. In that case it is bound to be good.

The last American novel, *Sing for Your Supper*, is the least ambitious and the one I enjoyed most. It is well written, with such feeling that I seemed to be in the 'empty room' in New York Miss Lothrop writes about. It is a tale about lonely women and their longing for company, about the telephone bell that never rings. Its story is simple enough. A husband leaves his wife for another woman; and the wife, a sensitive, highly-strung creature, sets up on her own. She is not prepared to put up with the second-rate—or she could easily fill the empty room. Rather than that she prefers loneliness. But what loneliness! Miss Lothrop conveys the sense of desperation which comes to a New York girl, surrounded by 10,000,000 people, when the six she rings up 'at cocktail time' are all out—or busy having cocktails with someone else. 'Six o'clock', she says, 'the hour when all over the city, lonely women are waiting for the telephone to ring'. This is not a book for the self-confident, successful, or gregarious. But those who have known the suffering she describes will recognise and applaud its sincerity.

ANTHONY RHODES



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Not for Tired Mothers

FILM EXCERPTS on television, or for that matter on the film screen, invariably promise more than they can deliver. They set the appetite going and then leave you unsatisfied; why bother with them? 'World Documentary, 1953', being bits and pieces of documentary films to be shown at the International Film Festival at Edinburgh, was an *hors-d'œuvres* unusually rich in piquant flavours.

There were those in my viewing circle on that evening who were made unhappy by the polar bear hunting the seal in 'Life in the Arctic'. 'Was the baby seal really in tears at losing its mother and, if so, wasn't it needlessly cruel of the Russian producer to film it?' 'Desert Locust' was a further reminder of unpleasant biological truths, picturing an infestation almost as creepily horrific as that of 'The Quatermass Experiment'. The section from 'A Farm in Four Countries' contained charming scenes even if we never quite understood who was doing what and why. Many of the shots in 'Holy Himalayas' were vividly interesting. Those that were not were compensated for by the personal appearance of the official Everest film photographer, whose handiwork on the mountain is soon to be shown in London: he renewed for us some of the excitement of the great conquest. The cartoon film, made by the National Film Board of Canada to illustrate the nation's transport developments from the year nought in Canadian history, was capital fun, an extravaganza of sinuously animated line, adroitly mannered commentary, and jovial music, which made nonsense of the pretensions of some of the more noisily complex cartoon films that come to us from across the Atlantic. From beginning to end it stuck faithfully to the fundamental principle of simplicity, a *sine qua non* in this class of film. I realise now that I much enjoyed it and that I would not mind seeing it again, a tribute that astonishes me. 'World Documentary, 1953'—brave, grandiloquent title in these days of film eclipse—was a better programme than most of its kind, better in arrangement, better in content. The verbal presentation by Denis Forman made an impression which I can but think many other viewers thought agreeably unforced and yet authoritative. For the other televised film occasion of the week, 'Sneak Preview', I am

left with not even a residue of appreciation.

Hopes of a battle of wits being fought out over 'The Comics', the subject of a panel discussion last week, were disappointed. It proved to be a low blood pressure affair in which there was no real mental agitation at all; surprising. What we were given was a confirmation of prejudices rather than a definition of them. The director of Nottingham University Institute of Education, M. M. Lewis, was pithily resistant to tolerance of comics in general; he evidently having done research into their potency as a social force. Marcus Morris, inventor of a successful publication in the genre, looked weary of the argument, anyhow. The Hon. Mrs. Bowers' contribution was too intense to be convincing. Kingsley Martin, who is not, I think, an expert on the child mind, argued pointedly but somehow ineffectually. The comics publisher from America was blandly good-natured in coming to the studio to face criticism, what there was of it. No one asked him: 'Supposing it were proved that one of your more horrific comics was harmful to children, would you stop publishing it?' Doubtless he would have said

money-saving, of budgetary finesse, of accountants rather than producers at work, turning over old stock with new trimmings. Little of the material was worth seeing again, few of the personalities worth following up. But I could appreciate Philip Robinson's chatty commentary style, a change from the formalised B.B.C. voice.

Television programme planners in this country work under severe time restrictions; but 'Steel under Stress', from Rosyth, at 8.15 in the evening seemed to me to be misplaced, defying tired mothers who have managed to get the youngsters to bed, and, I suspect, not being immensely congenial to the old dads settling down with pipe and slippers. It made a good case for an alternative programme. Science is supposed to be conquering indigestion, not causing it.

REGINALD POUND

### TELEVISION

#### Clichés and Splashes

THE VAST VEXED person of Gilbert Harding loomed so large last week that I neglected some other vital contributions of varying importance. For instance, I neglected Miss Elaine Malbin. Who is Miss Malbin? 'She is extremely well known in America' we were told and could believe it: a pretty young woman and as a singer very much what Damon Runyon would describe as 'a good set of pipes'. I shall remember her voice, but much more and much longer shall I remember her platform manner, which might be adopted by some of our more solid sopranos. Many women singers, to be sure, clutch a piece of voile in their hands, I never know why, but few of them ever clutch as much

as Miss Malbin. There must have been yards of it and the way she whisked it about fairly hypnotised one susceptible viewer. Perhaps she had heard of our English partiality towards sylphides in general and was doing her best to reconcile the two arts. Her movements were a study in themselves, especially one outflanking manoeuvre which got her from one side of the grand piano to the other in a series of fascinating hauling movements, like those of a landlubber cautiously edging along a heaving ship's deck-rail. And then, before we were expecting it, she suddenly sat down on a chair, popped her load of muslin over her head, like one draping a cheese, and began to sing Puccini's 'Senza Mama', from 'Suor Angelica', ending up by nursing an imaginary baby. This was first-rate singing, but some of the poorest acting I have



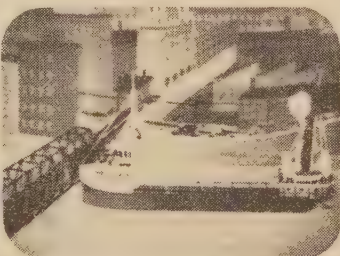
As seen by the viewer: the last Test Match at the Oval—Lindsay Hassett, the Australian captain, preparing to bowl; and Denis Compton making the winning hit

'Yes', blandly. I wish we could have had a close-up of him saying it. The chairman, Mrs. Helen Bentwich, faced with the necessity of summing up an uninspired debate, drew the loose ends together with neat dispatch. Hovering in the wings was a producer who had failed to match opportunity with both intellectual and pictorial resource.

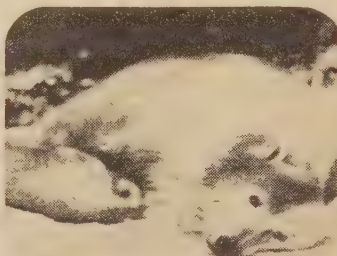
'Flash-Back', if you remember, was the programme reminding us of people who had figured in old Television Newsreels and telling us what they have been up to since: 'not a bad idea', as many viewers may have echoed, listening to Philip Robinson cueing it in. Once again idea proved to be more attractive than fulfilment; the programme by no means lived up to the expectation that it would consist of striking personal stories. Instead, it left an impression of



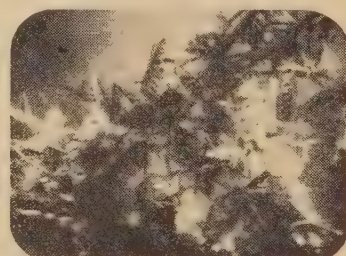
'Holy Himalayas'



'The Romance of Transportation'



'Life in the Arctic'



'The Desert Locusts'

Four shots from 'World Documentary, 1953', seen on the television screen on August 21

Photographs: John Cura





Scene from 'Where the Heart Is' on August 16, with (left to right) Pauline Jameson as Caroline Frazer, Cyril Raymond as Sir Robert Handley, and Charles Morgan as Paul Frazer



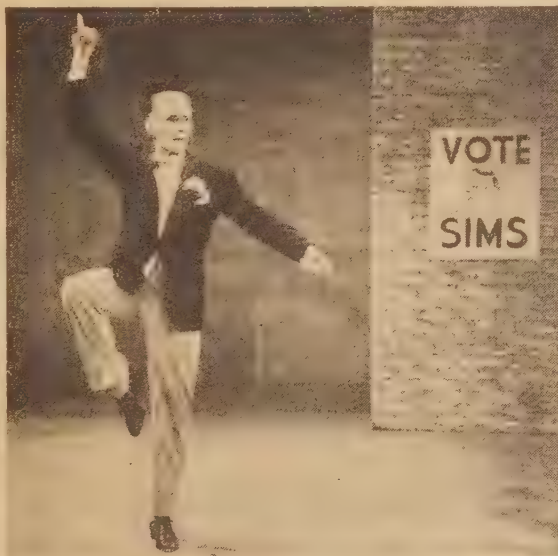
'Black on Magenta', with (left to right) Margaret Anderson as Angela, Philip Guard as Theo, Avice Landone as Sylvia Proudie, William Mervyn as James Proudie, Michael Shepley as Tony Belling, and Violet Loxley as Phyllis Belling

seen since I saw a lady air raid warden give her own impressions of Ruth Draper.

However, we have had some excellent acting this week, much of it from Pauline Jameson, who gets better and better (as she must be tired of being told). I enjoy watching her best in good plays but, failing that, I like to see her technique getting the better of a well-meaning part written in clichés, such as she played in 'Where the Heart Is'. She is a past mistress at leaving out the superfluous gesture and, having made the point, continuing to make it by, so to speak, doing nothing. After hours of watching television performers who cannot keep still, this comes as a special blessing. And then, a quality which she shares with any actress of distinction, she makes you accept terrible remarks as if they were gems of wit and wisdom.

The story was strong in magazine values: your marriage on the rocks, kind Cyril Raymond (baronet) just a few houses off through the french windows; a scene where you learn that your husband, who used to be full of *gaieté de coeur*, no longer loves you, indeed seems to be full of heartburn instead; a scene where your daughter, whom your husband has hitherto addressed with stage-fatherly affection every time as 'Hullo, young woman!', is now so *écaurée* that she, literally and figuratively, 'goes for a tramp on the Downs'; a scene where the Austrian refugee maid breaks down at your generosity in getting her son out from behind the Iron Curtain and in wildly broken English extols the British way of life; and even a scene where kind Cyril Raymond, who remained all the time only neighbourly in spite of what the neighbours thought, comes in to assure you and your daughter that there is indeed a life beyond the grave. Splendid material, neither Mrs. Dale nor Mrs. Miniver ever had better, and what do a few clichés matter if you can ride over them as Miss Jameson did? The last part especially, the coming together again for the sake of the troubled daughter—that must have gone straight

to the heart of that spiritual upper circle which, watching itself tearfully through rose-coloured spectacles, lies hidden in every genuine theatre-



Paul Draper, American dancer, in a solo recital on August 18

lover. I enjoyed the production by Michael Barry and the acting—besides that of Miss Jameson and Mr. Raymond, the maid of Maureen Pryor, the maid-nomore of Miss Julie Somers, and Charles Morgan (a different one).

On Friday we drew the curtains and concentrated on the wobbly waters of the High Road Baths, Ilford. There is nothing on earth like a water-show. Mr. Peter West entered into the spirit of the thing to a point where I almost thought he, too, was going to put on a bowler hat and combinations and tumble off the high board. The particular star of this show was one Beulah Gundling,

'synchronised swimming champion of America'. Synchronised with what? Oh, with music; which was exotic and, like one's own singing in municipal baths, rich and loud. Dressed as a redskin, Miss Gundling performed semi-submerged motions in which she sometimes looked rather like anyone taking a bath, sometimes like Minnehaha going under for the third time, and often much more menacing, as when she reared breast high out of the waves and sketched scalping movements with her hands. Her second appearance, to the sounds of the 'Marche Slave', was not unlike the first, except that this time her headdress and her finger movements were eastern. Her way of acknowledging applause was the most synchronised thing of all: she just slowly sank out of sight. But the best was yet to be. For, no less synchronised, a party of ladies from Kingston now entered the water wearing hussars' shakos, and swam about saluting us between strokes first with the left and then the right hand; a heart-warming sight on a chilly evening.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### Surprise Packets

ANYONE, SEEING THE NAME of Schnitzler, who switched on 'Professor Bernhardt' (Home) in



David Kossoff in 'Mr. Betts Runs Away' on August 19



the hope of an evening's brisk frothing, must have been sternly disappointed. This piece is not a gay-go-up, gay-go-down dialogue: it is a practically all-masculine rumpus about matters personal, professional, moral, political. There are several doctors in the house. Doctors, as other dramatists have known, are good fighters in the theatre. The play, which turns on Professor Bernhardi's refusal—as the head of an 'Institute' in Vienna—to allow a priest at a patient's death-bed (he has his humane reasons for this) becomes as vehement as a window-dressing parliamentary debate before an election. The play takes the colour of the politically riven lost Vienna of 1912 where it was staged: there is a tingling scene in which the doctors in session have both to search their consciences and examine their political standing.

At first the radio version was elusive. These characters, doubtless defined sharply in the theatre, did not readily establish themselves. One could not pin personalities to names. Ebenwald, Felder, the politician Flint ('Pieces of eight!') called an inconsequent and distracting voice in the caverns of memory—who were they, what were they at? Gradually the picture cleared, the voices did their work, the doctors changed from names to people. One noticed, as so often, the ground-swell of Anthony Jacobs' voice: no thin trickle here, but tones that can bite into a speech like an undermining wave. Bernhardi is a fierce, obstinate fighter: Mr. Jacobs knows the rules of battle. Howieson Culf guided along the priest; Ronald Adam (who made the English version with Louis Borell) could bring up the time-serving minister; and Peter Watts produced—by no means an easy task with this battery of expostulating male voices.

Several listeners must have found Chekhov's 'On the High Road' (Third) another surprise packet. The short play—mere juvenile delinquency, or so some of the more irreverent may hold—has been accessible in the Constance Garnett version. Yet many, no doubt, have passed it by—and, on hearing it, it is difficult to offer any reason why it should not have been passed by. Even so, honour to the Third for attempting it. We should meet the lesser work of the great dramatists; we should wander (once at least) in the scrub of the plain as well as climb in the hills. 'On the High Road' is well down in the scrub. It is a confused bit of 'realism', a winter's night at an inn in which everybody seems either to be dying, or vodka-drunk, or a victim of melancholia. The wind howls; the groans volley. The vodka-man used to keep five troikas and to fling a whole rouble as largesse. What is his story? Some kind of tale develops and ends. Even Chekhov's persuaded admirers (among whom I may count myself) can find this tiring. Mary Hope Allen, the producer, and her cast made as coherent a matter of it as anyone could: they were not to be blamed for the ultimate effect. It was rather as if we were listening to a full-dress rendering of a preliminary draft for a work never revised.

After the young Chekhov, the young Dion Boucicault and a very different kettle of queer fish, 'London Assurance' (Home), another work to surprise a modern play-taster. It is a spirited hubble-bubble of 1841; even if it proved in performance to be more of a curiosity than an entertainment, there was much to please: the voice of Felix Felton (who adapted the play), like a glass of excellent Madeira; Marjorie Westbury as that devilish fine woman, Lady Gay Spanker, taking her fences at a gallop; and Norman Claridge as a kind of damp, sponge. The cast (under David H. Godfrey) enjoyed its multiple juggling act; I enjoyed hearing Dazzle's reply at the last (to the query, 'Who are you?'), 'I have not the remotest idea', and also Mr. Felton's Sir Harcourt Courtley as he turned suddenly into a man of sentiment and spoke the

tag lines with a lip-smacking pleasure, 'Bare-faced assurance is the vulgar substitute for gentlemanly ease'. The piece, with its asides and manipulations, probably shed some hearers in a muddle. Those who followed to the end caught a sprinkle of useful lines and were entertained by the zest of the affair, the actors' resolve to keep up the juggling and never to let one of the coloured balls slip to the floor.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

Wilfred Owen

PATRIC DICKINSON'S STUDY of the poet Wilfred Owen was simply a selection of criticisms of Owen's poetry at the time of its appearance, of reminiscences or brief descriptions of him by friends or acquaintances, of readings of his poems, quotations from letters, and other matter linked by a commentary. To listen to such a patchwork for an hour and five minutes might well have been an increasingly heavy-going and fatiguing undertaking, but thanks to Mr. Dickinson's skill in selecting only those details which were vital to his picture and in arranging his material so as to ensure a constant variety, the programme held me engrossed from start to finish. There was, however, one detail in the production—it has cropped up elsewhere from time to time in recent years—which never fails to stir my bile. It showed itself in this programme when criticisms of Owen's poetry by his contemporaries were quoted. Each quotation was read by a different voice. So far, so good. The device of having a different voice for each makes for variety and serves to differentiate the views expressed. But when, in addition to this, the voices are endowed with personalities, one or two of them heavily over-characterised, things begin to go wrong. The writer of the unappreciative review, especially, was presented not merely as a pompous ass, but as the type of pompous ass to be found only on the old-world music-hall stage. Such heavy-handed over-emphasis strikes an unbearably jarring note in a serious programme.

On Tuesday, in 'The World Today', Vernon Bartlett talked about 'The New Look in Europe', which, he pointed out, has become evident during the three months since the Berlin riots. It is those riots, in fact, with all they signified, which now make it possible for the west to negotiate from strength, because they were a demonstration of what might occur not only in Germany but in the satellite countries if Russia were to attack the west. Mr. Bartlett has a long familiarity with European affairs and his talks always give the impression that his ideas are based on careful thought. I found this talk extremely interesting and, into the bargain, very cheering.

On Friday, Claud Mullins in a Third Programme talk called 'The Litigant and the Law' offered some pertinent criticisms on the final report of the Committee on Supreme Court Practice and Procedure which was published last July. This may suggest a rather dry twenty minutes, but it was very far from being so. It was, in fact, not only an instructive but a lively talk. Mr. Mullins has a way of putting his remarks into clear and simple language and illustrating them with concrete instances, a method which is a godsend to the uninitiated listener. One of his chief criticisms is that the report does not attempt to cope with the high costs of litigation. Mr. Mullins is also giving a series of four short fortnightly talks on 'The Law of England' in 'Children's Hour'. He gave the second of these on Monday.

Many a good talk is to be found among those which are given at 9.30 a.m. on the Home Service. I hit on an excellent one a week ago

called 'Not Little Men' by Fielden Hughes, whose thesis was that the species schoolboy is distinct from the species man. Schoolboys, Mr. Hughes maintains, have different standards and values from such people as headmasters. He himself is a headmaster, so he ought to know, and that he does know was richly evident from the instructive and very amusing instances he gave of his brushes with various types of schoolboy from which emerged, much enlightened—a teacher taught.

Finally, a talk called 'An Experiment in Fire-Walking', in which Eric L. Robinson described a fire-walking ceremony in Ceylon at which he was not merely a spectator but a participator. I have heard at least one other description of fire-walking, but this one was by far the most vivid and fully detailed. It is, Mr. Robinson explained, an act of devotion offered at midnight at some shrine or temple for some special object such as the cure of a sick child, but no objection was raised to his walking when he confessed that he was a Christian and therefore unable to participate in the act of devotion.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

Bach and Son

THE PLANNERS of the B.B.C.'s musical programmes are usually so skilful in avoiding monotony and overlapping that it was exceptional to find last week an hour-and-a-half of Bach in the Third Programme following upon an hour-and-a-half of Bach in the Home Service. It is true that Johann Sebastian is a giant of giants, and that there was a nice distinction between the popular works complete with transcription for modern orchestra played at the Proms, and the more recondite programme and erudite performance offered in the Third. None the less, little of the giant-killer as there is in my nature, I began to feel towards the end of the third hour just a trifle—shall we say?—bored with the great man's company.

There was happily no heavy big-wiggery about the performances at the Albert Hall. Sir Malcolm Sargent, conducting from the piano-forte, kept the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto on the plane of chamber-music, light in texture and flexible in movement, so there was never any suggestion of that heavy mechanical plodding which has sometimes in the past weighed down the spirit of Bach's music. On the other hand, he took some of the Third Brandenburg rather too quick for the strings of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra to articulate the phrases clearly. This kind of ebullience is a likeable fault. Sir Malcolm is obviously enjoying himself enormously at the Proms, and his enjoyment communicates itself to the players and to the audience, both present and at their wireless sets, even to hardened Gruffanuffs who have to hear more music than they can digest. During the past week he directed a distinguished performance of Brahms' Second Concerto in B flat with Gina Bachauer, a pianist who met the work's demands both for sheer powerfulness and for sensitive musicianship.

Meanwhile a series of programmes, sponsored by Thurston Dart, who introduced them in an interesting talk, has been giving us weekly doses of the music of Johann Sebastian's third son, Carl Philipp Emanuel. There is no question about Emanuel Bach's ability as a composer, still less about his historical importance in the transitional period between his father's style and the 'classical' era of Haydn and Mozart. But, as so often happens with programmes of these interesting and important secondary composers, one found that after the first of several works for the same medium, interest gradually evaporated and one began to take the importance for granted.



Assuming that these programmes are addressed to a wider audience than a handful of students and musicological specialists in the particular period, I feel it would be better to yoke the works of the composer under review with music from some other period, as is indeed frequently done.

This criticism of method must not be allowed to detract from admiration for performance. The first programme of chamber-music was excellently played by the London Harpsichord Ensemble. The second, which also had the advantage of greater variety, contained some charming songs prettily sung by April Cantelo, and two enchanting pieces for harpsichord played by Mr. Dart himself. He coaxed from his key-

board some delightfully limpid tones which made one wonder whether his instrument was not equipped with modern gadgets unknown to the instrument-makers of Emanuel Bach's day. As to the viola da gamba, played by the versatile Desmond Dupré who seems to be master of any plucked or bowed instrument, I find its rather plummy tone quickly becomes wearisome.

For opera we had a recorded performance of Pizzetti's 'Cagliostro', a work composed expressly for radio performance, though I could detect nothing in it that exploited the special potentialities of the broadcasting studio as distinct from the opera-house. Cagliostro is obviously an excellent subject for musical treatment and Pizzetti has constructed his libretto

with a keen eye for dramatic effect and a real mastery of the art of lucid narration. It may be that he has hampered himself as a composer by overloading his text with subtle points which should be left for the music to make. He has, in effect, written a good play. I fear it cannot be said that he has written a good opera, for his music never really takes wing. The best music comes in the second episode when Cagliostro enters triumphant after his acquittal in the affair of the diamond necklace and proceeds to reveal in a *séance* the coming Revolution. The opera was most capably sung by a large cast headed by Clara Petrella and Aldo Bertocci. The recording was at times less than first-rate.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Italian Instrumental Music

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

The 'Virtuosi di Roma' will broadcast programmes of Italian seventeenth and eighteenth century music at 6.30 p.m. on August 30 and 11.0 a.m. on September 1 (Home), and at 10.30 p.m. on September 2 (Third)

THE rise and development of opera in Italy have tended to obscure her achievement in instrumental music. Very little is known about its beginnings, but it is probable that it was born simply of the transference to instruments of vocal music, and that Venice was the cradle of the first attempts at non-keyboard instrumental music *sui generis*.

Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612) is usually credited with the creation of what we should now consider an orchestral idiom: he was certainly among the first who consciously resorted to dynamic contrast and effects of colour as a means of organising musical development. During the next hundred years or so the formal aspects of the new style were gradually consolidated. *Canzona*, *sonata*, *sinfonia*, *concerto*—terms which were used indiscriminately and in an altogether different sense from that of modern times—began to take shape and to be distinguished from one another. Thus *concerto* meant nothing else than a particular manner of performance: a number of musicians participating in the execution of a piece of music, vocal or instrumental. From co-operation we soon arrive at contest: the baroque principle of contrast begins to invade the concerto as well. One section of the ensemble is set against another; but here, too, we must acknowledge the still powerful inspiration of vocal music, for the procedure is the instrumental equivalent of the Venetian technique of *cori spezzati* ('broken choirs'). The *concerto grosso* constitutes a further refinement: the contrast of the two instrumental bodies were made more pronounced by introducing a difference in size. Finally, with the appearance of one solo instrument set against an instrumental ensemble, the virtuoso concerto was attained. The concerto idea dominated the entire baroque period, just as the symphony did the music of the nineteenth century.

The contribution of the instrument-makers was no less important. The excellence of their art had a great share in the development and emancipation of instrumental music. We have only to remember da Salò of Brescia, Stradivari, the Amatis, and the Guarneris of Cremona to realise the debt of the composer to the craftsman.

An important school of instrumental composers was centred on Bologna. Giuseppe Torelli (1651-1756) is said to have been the first who wrote concertos for solo violin and orchestra in addition to his concertos and sinfonias in which trumpet and oboe are the soloists. The

work of his pupil, Giovanni Battista Vivaldi (1644?-1692) is distinguished by the contrapuntal cut of his themes and by their conspicuously 'violinistic' quality. His style is further characterised by a certain austere grandeur and solemnity, less inclined to lyrical tenderness than most of his contemporaries. The latter quality distinguishes the music of Tommaso Albinoni (1671-1750). His instrumental writing is perhaps not so forward-looking as that of some of his contemporaries, but its conservatism is amply compensated for by his intensely poetic feeling, expressed with almost romantic ardour.

The Bologna school, and the first period of Italian instrumental music in general, culminated in Archangelo Corelli. He, too, did not concern himself with brilliance and showiness, in which most of his contemporaries surpassed him. But the nobility of his inspiration, the purity of his melodic invention, and the classic poise of his music in general would make him the leading figure of the period, even if his merits in stabilising the current musical forms were not taken into account. He is often regarded as the 'inventor' of the concerto grosso: what he did was to define the relation of the soloists in the concertino group to the orchestral tutti.

Among the large number of excellent musicians of the post-Corellian generation one appears to be particularly important in view of the prophetic significance of his achievements. The disturbing greatness of Pietro Locatelli (1693-1764) is seen in the unexampled advance of his violin writing; he developed the technical possibilities of violin playing to an extent surpassed only by Paganini. His astonishingly original melodic idiom, whose impassioned melancholy and sombre ardour is especially apparent in the *adagios* of his sonatas, foreshadow Beethoven's slow movements.

But it was in Venice that the outstanding figure of the epoch appeared. The genius of Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) compares only with that of Bach: their difference will have to be measured partly—and to a lesser extent—in terms of individual temperament, and partly—but essentially—in the light of their respective cultural traditions. Thus, in Bach's music, contour and line predominate; it is introspective at its most characteristic. In Vivaldi's, colour is an essential element; at its best it shows an extraordinary power of imagination. He cultivated almost all musical forms and genres known in his time (with the exception of the keyboard): apart from a sizable corpus of operas and other sacred and secular vocal music, the number of his solo concertos and concerti grossi—for the

most amazing combinations of instruments—is staggering.

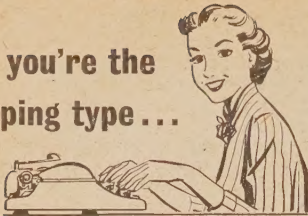
The ideas of programme music and cyclic form seem to have had a particular attraction for his restless imagination: the impulse may have come from Couperin, but his cycles of programme concertos—such as *Il Cimento dell' Armonia*, containing *La tempesta del mare*, *La caccia*, and the vividly descriptive *Quattro stagioni*—are wholly individual in conception and expression. His formal and other innovations have decisively influenced the course of European music. Bach listened eagerly to the new voice: the Brandenburg concertos testify to his interest and admiration; and the new Italian instrumental music of our time is unthinkable without his guiding spirit. In 1947 a beginning was made in the almost superhuman task of issuing a collected edition of his works; so far some 130 volumes have been published.

The post-Vivaldian era is largely transitional: the increasing particularisation in medium and crystallisation of form-schemes all point to the Mannheim school and the classicism of the Viennese masters. In chamber music the forms of string quartet and quintet were stabilised in the work of Luigi Boccherini (1743-1805). In his hands the style of Mozartian chamber music became fully established: the flavour of his refined idiom, the grace of his melodies, and the transparency of his formal schemes lack only that imponderable quality that is Mozart in Mozart. The work of Giovanni Battista Sammartini (properly: San Martino, 1701-1775) indicates the decline of the concerto and its replacement by the symphony as the representative instrumental form. The transition is seen in the increasing tendency to 'thematic periodisation' and to contrasted dualism of the two main subjects contained in the various movements. Sammartini is now considered the direct precursor of the Mannheim school, and, as Saint-Foix demonstrated, the most conspicuous forerunner of Mozart. Giovanni Paisiello (1741-1816), another stylistic predecessor, is remembered today chiefly as a brilliantly successful and prolific opera composer; but he wrote also an appreciable number of symphonies whose melodic charm and spontaneity deserve revival.

During the nineteenth century Italy's creative energies were diverted elsewhere. But it is possible that a period of operatic tyranny, which paralysed all other forms, was historically necessary: for the twentieth-century revival of Italian instrumental music was born of the reaction against it.



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L.G.B.



# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## WASHING BLANKETS

THERE IS REAL SATISFACTION in seeing a soft, clean blanket one has washed oneself—and it is an economy, too. The ingredients of success are first of all space for washing and drying: plenty of soap (powder or flakes) and, of course, a good drying day because blankets are best dried out of doors.

A double blanket needs about eight gallons of lukewarm suds and a single blanket five gallons, and then the blanket itself needs to be able to move freely about in the suds so that it is washed thoroughly, so even if you are lucky enough to have a washing machine you need to make sure that it is big enough, if you want to wash a double blanket. The wash-boiler can be used if it is large enough, and the blanket moved around with a strong copper-stick. The water should be heated up to the right temperature—that is just lukewarm—and the suds made up before putting the blanket in. Another alternative is to use the bath for washing blankets, but it is rather a back-breaking business, and the old-fashioned dolly-tub is better.

Stains are best dealt with before washing; ideally, of course, they ought to be attacked as soon as they are made, because I expect you know how difficult it is to remove a tea stain that has dried into a blanket. The best way to deal with tea stains is to stretch the stained piece of blanket over a bowl; pour a little warm water through the stain, then sprinkle borax on it. Now pour some more warm water through, rubbing gently at the same time. If the stain is a stubborn one, leave the stained piece of blanket to soak in the borax solution for a quarter of an hour or so before washing.

You may find that the dressing in a new blanket will kill the lather. If so, there is nothing

for it but to rinse, then make up new suds and give a second wash. Treat extra dirty blankets in the same way—do not use any hotter water, rub, nor give one long wash. Three minutes' washing at a time is quite enough—any longer can make any woollen article hard and felted.

Be generous with your washing product, and make up a richer lather than you would for washing other things. I use soap powder or flakes because I think blankets feel softer afterwards, but it is a matter of personal choice, and any good washing product can safely be used.

After rinsing thoroughly until all the suds are removed, and squeezing out as much moisture as you can, shake the blanket occasionally while it is hanging up to dry and squeeze out any water that has collected at the bottom: this helps to speed up drying and bring up the fluffy surface of the blanket. If it is a plain blanket change it about during drying, first hanging it longways, then widthways. But if it has coloured stripes, hang it with the stripes running downwards, in case there is any loose colour that could run.

PEGGY FURSE

## STUFFED PEACHES

You will need:

- 3 peaches
- 1 oz. of margarine
- 1 oz. of brown sugar
- 1 oz. of desiccated coconut

Halve the peaches and remove the stones. Cream together the margarine and sugar, then add the coconut. Press this mixture into the hole left by the stone, and then sandwich the two halves together again.

For a hot dish, put the halved peaches into a baking dish and cook for about 15 minutes near

the top of a moderately hot oven. Serve with cream, ice-cream, or custard—they are delicious with the brown, toffee-like filling.

MARGUERITE PATTEN

## Notes on Contributors

RT. HON. HECTOR MCNEIL (page 323): M.P. (Labour) for Burgh of Greenock since 1941; Minister of State 1946-50; Secretary of State for Scotland 1950-51; Vice-President, United Nations Assembly, 1947

FITZROY MACLEAN, C.B.E. (page 325): M.P. (Conservative) for Lancaster since 1941; employed in diplomatic service 1933-39 and in army from 1941-45; Brigadier commanding British Military Mission to Yugoslav partisans 1943-45; author of *Eastern Approaches*

CLAUD MULLINS (page 331): Metropolitan police court magistrate, 1931-37. Author of *Are Findings Keepings?*, *Fifteen Years' Hard Labour*, *In Quest of Justice*, etc.

MAX LOCK, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.L. (page 332): consultant architect to Bedford Corporation; director and author of *Surveys and Plans for Middlesbrough*, the Hartlepoons, Portsmouth District, and Bedford

JOHN SUMMERSON (page 335): Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum since 1945; author of *Architecture in Britain 1530-1830*, *Sir John Soane*, etc.

Rev. V. A. DEMANT, D.Litt. (page 342): Canon of Christchurch and Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology, Oxford University; author of *Religion and the Decline of Capitalism*, *Theology of Society*, etc.

J. M. COCKING (page 345): Professor of French Language and Literature, King's College, London University, since 1952

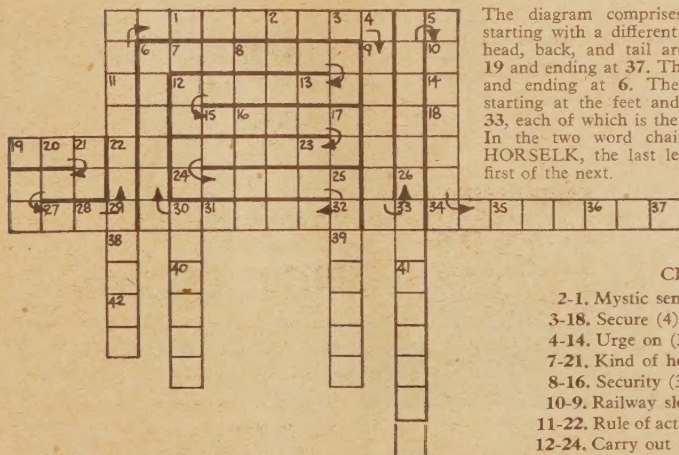
## Crossword No. 1,217.

## Lexicotheria.

## By Notlaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 3



The diagram comprises twenty-six animals each starting with a different letter of the alphabet. The head, back, and tail are a word chain starting at 19 and ending at 37. The stomach is a chain starting and ending at 6. The legs are each one word, starting at the feet and ending at 29, 30, 32 and 33, each of which is the same letter of the alphabet. In the two word chains the words merge, viz., HORSELK, the last letter of one word being the first of the next.

## CLUES

- 2-1. Mystic sentence (4).
- 3-18. Secure (4).
- 4-14. Urge on (3).
- 7-21. Kind of horse (4).
- 8-16. Security (3).
- 10-9. Railway sleeper (3).
- 11-22. Rule of action (3).
- 12-24. Carry out (4).
- 16-32. Sweetheart (4).
- 17-5. Government (4).
- 17-34. Religious ceremony (4).
- 23-13. Pieces (3).
- 25-39. Silence (3).
- 27-20. Anger (3).
- 28-21. Point (3).

- 31-15. New Zealand parrot (4).
- 35-36. Hebrew measure (4).
- 40-30. Serpent (3).
- 41-26. Small bird (4).
- 42-38. Far Eastern coin (3).

## Solution of No. 1,215

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
A	R	T	I	C	U	L	A	T	E	J
12	M	A	R	C	A	T	O	C	A	R
13	E	Z	E	E	T	O	G	R	A	T
14	N	O	T	I	C	E	F	O	B	E
15	T	R	A	S	H	R	U	B	A	D
16	A	G	I	S	L	A	M	B	R	A
17	U	L	N	A	E	O	F	O	R	M
18	P	E	A	N	S	A	C	R	A	N
19	L	E	G	D	O	R	L	O	C	K
20	U	N	C	A	P	I	E	U	E	M
21	M	O	U	L	D	M	A	N	D	R
22	P	G	R	E	G	A	R	D	A	B

## NOTES

Across. 12. P. Virgilus Maro. 13. A crew, anag. 23. Rev. of pud. 29. A lunc, anag. 32. Pea(r). 37. Leg it = run away. 38. Rev. of rod. 42. Dis-cover. 47. Hidden. 48. Rega-rdab-le. Down: 3. Treat minus a. 8. Rev. of rat. 9. Bra(sure). 14. Gob-bo ('Merchant of Venice'). 17. Barrack(-oids). 18. Made up. 22. Turf. 24. Glee(d). 26. A pose (anag). 27. Oliver Twist. 36. G-eme-l(agow). 39. W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions*. 41. Break up minus a. 44. Latin for why. 45. Ale(ger).

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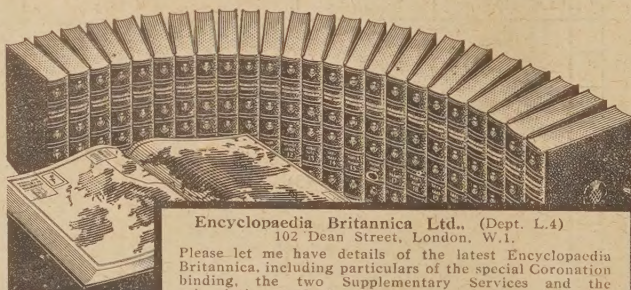
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